

MAY 1, 1898.

THE  
**Chap-Book**

SEMI-MONTHLY

*A MISCELLANY & REVIEW of BELLES LETTRES*



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# THE CHAP-BOOK

Vol. VIII, No. 12

SEMI-MONTHLY

May 1, 1898

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## NOTES

"I WAS MUCH INTERESTED," writes an English correspondent who has spent some time in America, "in reading in THE CHAP-BOOK of April 1st, Mr. Periwinkle Podmore's comparison between Punch on the one hand and your American comic papers on the other. Mr. Podmore's wholesale conclusion in favor of the great London journal must have seemed more than heretical to most of your readers, for I noticed when I was in the States that however much people might differ on the currency and tariff, they were at one in setting Punch down as a wanton eclipse of the gaiety of nations. I did not find that many of the people who talked in this way had ever seen a copy of Punch. They said they had no need to; that every one knew the quality of English humor; that it was an international axiom about which discussion was futile. I did not attempt to argue the point with them, having as much as I could do to prove (1) that Great Britain did not want Venezuela, and (2)—a much sorer topic—that England's peculiar position in regard to the English language gave her some title to be heard on its orthography and pronunciation. But as an American has been rash enough to tell the truth about Punch, I venture, from the safety of a three-thousand-miles' separation and relying on the present distracted condition of public affairs in America, to say that he did not overstate his case.

"It seems to me that the grand difference between the American and English humorous journals is the difference that underlies all the relations between the two countries—the difference between quantity and quality. In America there are more politicians but fewer statesmen; more education, but less scholarship; more good writing, but less literature; more luxury, but less style. In almost

everything the American average seems higher than the English average, and the American best lower than the English best. The case of humor is not an exception. America is as easily the purveyor of humor to the nineteenth century, as France was to the eighteenth. In no country is the average man so quick to see the ridiculous side of anything. The talent is so universal that it leads men to jest on the oddest subjects. Every one knows that the North burst into merriment over the defeat of its soldiers at Bull Run, while as for Boss Tweed, it was only with an immense effort that New York could stop laughing long enough to be angry. And only the other day I saw at least half a dozen jokes on the loss of the Maine—but another instance of the American's 'acrid Asiatic mirth'

That leaves him careless 'mid his dead,  
The scandal of the elder earth.

No words are wanted to prove the range of America's humor, or its immense diffusion. What is questioned is its quality. And here the rule I have applied to American and English education and politics seems to step in again. The rule is that the common possession and enjoyment of every advantage does not make for excellence in any special branch. The average intellect becomes the dominating factor. Where everybody is educated up to a certain level, the tendency is for nobody to rise above that level. Some may, but the majority do not. Where everybody is a humorist, the odds are that nobody is a wit. The mere force of numbers holds back the elect few. On the hypothesis, therefore, we should expect to find that America is not prolific of humor of the best kind. And this is just what we do find. America has produced one wit of the first water—James Russell Lowell—and then a thousand humorists of the Bangs, Bill Nye, and Peek type. Against them set the English



products of the century, Thackeray, Dickens, Carlyle, Peacock, Newman, Arnold, and such minor lights as Calverley, Bagehot, Anstey, Austin Dobson, Burnand, Owen Seaman, and the brothers Smith. There is hardly any comparison between the quality of the wit in the two countries."

"Coming down from this to the special point at issue, we should also expect to find that the best American comic paper is not so good as the best English comic paper. And this, as Mr. Podmore showed, we certainly do find. Puck and Judge may be passed over, because, as an admirer of America, I refuse to believe that any American was ever discovered smiling over either of them. They are about as much below the average of American humor as Congress is below public opinion. The real contest is between Punch and Life. Now, like a good many Englishmen, I take in Life regularly. I like its tone of easy refinement, the happy turn of its humor, the impression it gives one of being edited and written by gentlemen whose society would have a pleasant effect on worried nerves. As a sedative it is excellent. Nothing seems to matter much during the hour that follows one's weekly reading of Life. In particular I find Mr. E. S. Martin's contributions full of a most delicate and subdued humor like the quiet aftermath of walnuts and wine. Yet, somehow one does not take up the same number twice. One reads it, enjoys it, and throws it aside. The next number comes, and it, too, is politely escorted to oblivion. I have yet to see a bound volume of Life in a private drawing-room, and as for the thirty or forty volumes which the devotee should possess by now, the mere thought of them makes one shriek and fly. Life is the friend of a day, an hour. It cannot last; it has not enough staying power for continual companionship."

"How is this? How is it an American does not turn back to the old numbers of Life as an Englishman turns back to the old numbers of Punch? Partly, I think, because Life, being intensely American, is also intensely youthful; and there comes a time when one ceases to be interested in the affairs of a girl of eighteen and a boy of twenty. At thirty, one tires of even the cleverest variations of jokes on fathers-in-law, enfants terribles, Jews, tramps, humanized animals, foreign Counts, and Irish servant girls. Life's urbanity is that of an amusing, gentlemanly college youth in conversation with the average 'matinée girl.' It is a mere collection of frivolities, slightly more complicated and musical than an ordinary barrel-organ. The wisdom that cometh from mixing with the world of grown-up men and women, the harmony of the golden mean, the humor without malice, the interest without enthusiasm, the balanced attitude of experience, the final tolerance which has always been the secret of Punch's influence, lie quite beyond the range of Life's powers. In a word, its fault is extravagance. There is another reason for Life's failure to hold its readers. It has no policy. The

aim of Punch has always been to express, especially in politics, the point of view of the average Englishman, to form a buffer between the two parties, to give currency to opinions which are too reasonable and moderate to be admitted by official partisanship. The first Duke of Marlborough used to say that all the history he knew he learnt from reading Shakespeare. A good many Englishmen of today, if they were honest, would confess that most of their historical knowledge is derived from reading Punch. Now Life makes no attempt to win this position of supreme arbiter of the nation. In fact, it does not set up as an authority on anything. To become as great a political and social influence in America as Punch is in England, it will have to close the door of the schoolroom resolutely behind it. It is astonishingly easy for a comic paper to be too comic. The perpetual jester amuses one for the moment, perhaps for one hour in the week, but one does not, therefore, make a domestic pet of him. Life will have to tone down its youthful willfulness with a touch of sobriety and middle-aged coolness before it can reach the position so long and cleverly held by Punch."

DIPLOMATISTS BEING WELL TO THE FORE in the world's attention, we take pleasure in printing a portrait of M. Hanotaux, who combines diplomacy and literature, and who has so recently been made a member of the French Academy. Not quite forty-five years old yet, M. Hanotaux has made his advance to fame by the most regular and surest steps. At twenty-five he was



PORTRAIT OF M. HANOTAUX



professor in a course of modern history at the École des Hautes Études. Since then, throughout his political career in diplomacy and in the legislative bodies, he has never given up his historical studies, and the merits of his published works are well known. It is a peculiarly graceful compliment that the academy is able to pay to the Minister of Foreign Affairs, that of recognizing him as a historian.

MR. SOLOMON BLOOM, who announces himself as a "publisher of music that sells," came to his office in Chicago the morning after the Maine disaster, with the conviction that the nation needed a ballad. He called to his aid Mr. James O'Dea, a writer of verse, and by the time the chorus of the projected song was finished, Mr. George Schleiffarth arrived and began to set it to music. Before he was done Mr. O'Dea made an end of the first stanza, when, Mr. Samuel Kohn entering, he was given the key by Mr. Schleiffarth whereupon he composed the air for the verses. As a result of this foresight, the song *The Heroes Who Sunk With the Maine* was sung that very night at the Haymarket Theater, put on the market the next morning, and fifty thousand copies of it have been sold over the country. All of which may account, in part for the boast of the modern American legislator: "Let me but make the laws of the nation, and I care not who writes its songs."

THE SULPHUROUS VOMITINGS of the yellow journals since the blowing-up of the Maine bear out Senor Castelar's recently expressed opinion that nowhere in the world is there a calamity comparable to the American daily press. At the same time, it is an open question whether journals like the New York Evening Post are not as extreme and ridiculous in the other direction. The policy of the Post in trying to frighten people from war by showing that a battle means wounds and gore, is almost as distasteful to the average citizen as the bellowings of the Journal. Indeed, there was a good deal of truth in the reply of a New Yorker who, being asked if he thought war would come, said it certainly would if there were any more peace editorials in the Evening Post. Which reminds us of an acute remark made by a lady in whose presence the rumor was being discussed, that the proprietor of the Journal had made a bet of \$50,000 that his paper could bring on war. "Well," she said, "if he did make such a bet, the man he made it with must have been our old friend, 'Larry' Godkin!"

MISS JULIE OPP is an international beauty and actress. We could wish that she might remain an American at least a year longer. But it is now reported that next season she will no longer be in New York at the Lyceum, but will be playing in London, where she gained her first success, as most American-born actresses seem to do nowadays. Miss Opp has been the one new player of the year who has shown real and unmistakable talent, and on whose future one may count. Now



PORTRAIT OF MISS JULIE OPP

From a miniature by Mrs. L. A. Behenna

that the time has come when England pays back to our artists some part of the money we shower annually on visiting players, we find the prospect less attractive than we had supposed it would be. We think now we might do with the best players of all countries, and still not have too many good theatrical performances.

AMONG THE MANY libel actions which have caused London journalists, during the last two years, to admire the splendid indifference of most Americans as to what the press may be saying about them, the suit brought by Mr. W. S. Gilbert against the proprietor of *The Era*, ought to rank as the most trivial and needless. The English papers being, for the most part, respectable, and, therefore, influential, can always raise a healthy crop of libel actions. Most of these actions are not brought by the aggrieved party, but by the aggrieved party's solicitor, who relies on the instinctive antipathy of a jury towards newspapers to get back his costs. But in Mr. Gilbert's case, it is hardly likely that anything of that kind happened. The facts are briefly these: Mr. Gilbert wrote a play, *The Fortune Hunter*, which was received by the critics with various shades of disfavor. A week later he allowed himself to be interviewed by an Edinburgh paper, and tried to recover his lost ground by hitting out right and left. Sir Henry Irving was accused of accepting plays not because they were good, but because the authors were his friends. He was also pronounced, along with Mr. Alexander and Mr. Tree, to be incapable of reciting a thirty-line speech as it ought to be recited. Mr. Grundy was merely a translator; the critics fell upon an

unfortunate play as though its author "had committed an outrage against nature;" and Mr. Gilbert was especially wroth with "the gross personalities indulged in by the Americanized pressmen who swarmed in London, men who had no qualification for their post, and were set to write dramatic criticism because it was the easiest work to which an incompetent journalist could be put." Sir Henry Irving made a rather sharp reply to these criticisms, and *The Era*, the leading dramatic paper of England, dealt with Mr. Gilbert in a spirit of gentle banter which proved too much for the humorist's temper. Mr. Gilbert, it said, had been led into making his absurd accusations by reason of "the abnormal self-esteem which, with advancing years, has developed almost into a malady. In his own estimation he is a kind of Grand Lama, or Sacred Elephant of dramatic literature. This has always been the way with Mr. Gilbert after one of his failures. He has invariably attacked somebody or other, either a rival author, the actors, or the critics. In this instance he has gone for all three. The fact is, when he is in one of his tempers, there is no knowing what Mr. Gilbert will say or do. At such times his friends should, if possible, keep interviewers from him and him from interviewers." There was a good deal more in the same strain, none of it very brilliant or effective. However, Mr. Gilbert was annoyed, and brought an action. It ended in the jury's disagreement, but the evidence brought out an interesting list of the gentlemen with whom Mr. Gilbert had quarreled. He was not on friendly terms with Mr. John Hare. Mr. Clement Scott was a friend "in a qualified sense;" that is to say, they never spoke when they met. He had dropped Mr. Sedger's acquaintance. Relations were strained between himself and Sir Henry Irving. He was less intimate with Mr. George Alexander than he had been once. He had parted definitely with Sir Arthur Sullivan and Mr. D'Oyly Carte; and so on. After all, to bring a libel action for being called a Sacred Elephant, and to gain nothing by it but the exposure of one's own quarrelsomeness, is very Gilbertian.

ANOTHER LIBEL ACTION that will also have a certain literary interest is to be brought by Miss Marie Corelli against the author of *Literary London*. Such a proceeding seems oddly at variance with what is understood to be Miss Corelli's usual attitude towards critics; but then great writers have always been an eccentric race. Miss Corelli is believed to be as indifferent to reviewers as Mr. Hall Caine himself; she has said so time after time; she has written columns to prove it; she has carried her contempt so far as to decline to have her books noticed in the London press. And yet, when anything is said against her literary ability, the pure and natural woman is startled out of her veneer, and philosophy disappears beneath the desire "to give as good as she got." According to the *London Daily News*, Mr. Ryan, the author of *Literary London*, classes Miss Corelli among "Authors I cannot take seriously." The drift of the argument is that Miss Corelli runs Madame

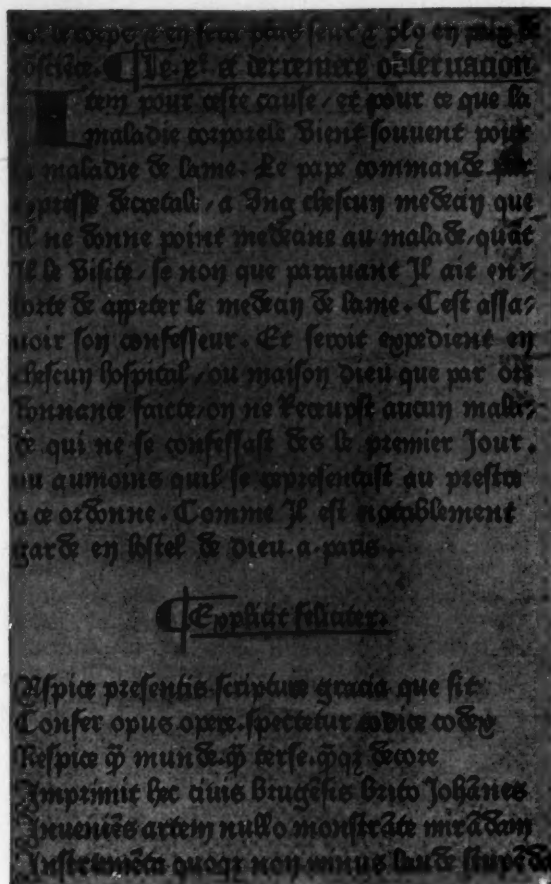
Tussaud hard in educational and critical influence; that she is welcome in back rooms and boarding-houses; and that large tracts of Maida-Vale and Brixton have accepted her as an inspired female. We cannot see anything libelous in all this. It seems rather complimentary to Miss Corelli's breadth of appeal. Perhaps the sting of the criticism lies in the omission to name Windsor Castle and Buckingham Palace as within Miss Corelli's "sphere of influence." It is said that Mr. Hall Caine, Mr. Le Gallienne, Mr. William Sharp, and the Poet Laureate, all of them recipients of Mr. Ryan's attentions, will take a very personal interest in the course of the trial.

WHO INVENTED PRINTING? It was John Gutenberg of Mayence, according to general belief, Lawrence Coster of Harlem, according to the Dutch. But a new claimant has been put forward, Jean Brito of Bruges, who, it is claimed by M. Gilliodts-van-Severen, curator of the archives of that city, printed from movable types before either of the others. The book which is evidence for this claim is a little volume, bound in red morocco and gold, which is in the *Bibliothèque Nationale* at Paris. It is an edition of the *Doctrinal* of Jean Gerson, the celebrated chancellor of the University of Paris, who died in 1429. There is no date upon the volume, but the last page, which we reproduce, bears some Latin verses, the literal translation of which is something as follows: "Notice the beauty of this present writing; compare this work with other works; put this book by the side of another book. See with what neatness, with what care, with what elegance, this impression is made by Jean Brito, bourgeois of Bruges, who discovered, without teaching from any one, his marvelous art, and as well his astonishing implements, no less worthy of admiration."

Jean Brito could scarcely have been more definite, but it was not until 1773 that this inscription was noticed as a claim to priority in the invention of printing. At that time a certain Abbé Ghesquière made the discovery and was immediately attacked both by the school of Mayence and the school of Harlem, which had narrowed the contest down to Gutenberg and Coster, and refused to admit a third competitor.

The controversy has been reopened by M. Gilliodts-van-Severen, who has written a large volume on Brito. He has discovered many new documents in support of the latter's rights, and brought to light much interesting matter concerning his life.

The Brito family belonged to the haute bourgeoisie of Bruges at the time of that city's greatest prosperity, when she was "the Venice of the North." A hundred and fifty foreign ships had been known to enter her docks in one day, and sixteen nations had consuls within her walls. A splendid court, under Philip the Good, resided there, and among other artistic occupations to which it gave support was the bookmaker's trade. From 1393 to 1432 Jean Brito, father of the printer, was successively counselor, burgomaster, and treasurer. But he died poor, and one of his sons, also named Jean,



PAGE FROM THE DOCTRINAL

Printed by Jean Brito

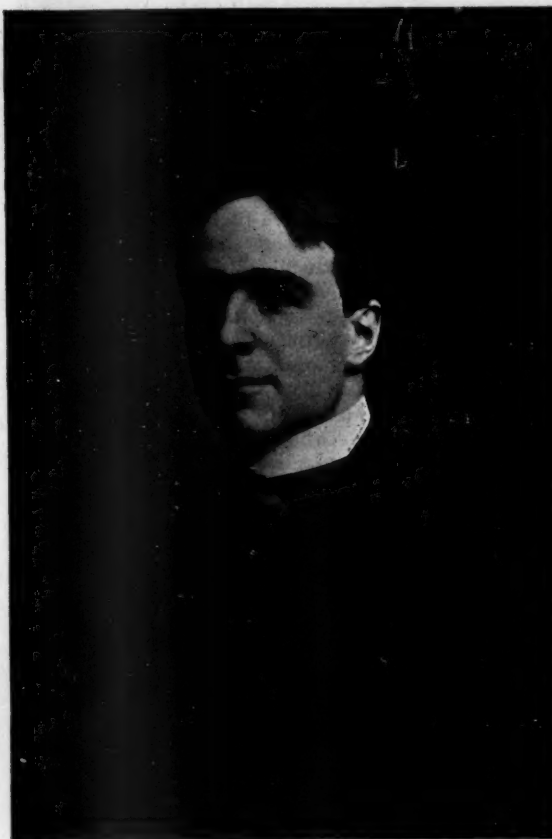
took to bookmaking as a means of livelihood. He was enrolled as a meester in the guild of librarians and bouescribers until 1493, the date of his death, and it hardly seems that an audacious imposture could have gone unchallenged by his fellow-workers. There can be no doubt that the Doctrinal was printed from types cast in metal. All the a's, the b's, the ad's, the de's, are absolutely identical. They could not have been written nor stamped from wooden blocks even, as were Gutenberg's volumes. The characters, moreover, are exactly the same as in two other known works of Brito's—a translation into French verses of a Flemish poem, the Wapene Martin, and a Defence of the Duchesse Marie du Bourgogne. As to the date of the printing, the following item is found in the Memoirs of Jean-le-Robert, abbot of Saint-Aubert, at Cambrai: "Item: For a Doctrinal run in a mould for which I sent Marquet to Bruges for Jacquet twenty sols tournois."

So in 1445 printed copies of the Doctrinal were being sold at Bruges, and if others than Brito were printing, how dared he assert so loudly his claims? At the time no books of foreign manufacturers were allowed to be sold in Bruges. So it seems

almost sure that twelve years before Gutenberg, a native of Bruges, had invented the art which has had such tremendous consequences in the world's history.

Coster and Gutenberg owe nothing to Brito. To Coster is due much of the development of the technique of printing, and to Gutenberg is to be credited the training of the many workmen who carried the invention over Europe. But the mere fact of being first has a kind of glamour about it, and this sort of fame scholars will perhaps in the end give to Jean Brito.

**THE CELEBRITY**, Mr. Winston Churchill's farcical novel, having gone into a third edition within a month, Mr. Churchill is himself something of a figure. He is one of the members of the alleged "Cosmopolitan Club," whose members are said to be ex-editors of the Cosmopolitan Magazine, and whose last recruit will be John Brisben Walker himself. Mr. Churchill went to the Cosmopolitan after a short journalistic experience on the Army and Navy Journal. This position he took three months after graduation from the Naval Academy at Annapolis, deciding that journalism and literature suited him better than naval life. He is a native of St. Louis, and he has again gone there to live.



PORTRAIT OF MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL



## THE PODMORE LETTERS

## VII

## A PLEA FOR PLAGIARISM

D. Podmore  
Literary Journalist  
Books Digested for  
Busy Readers.  
Inventor of the  
Podmore System.

NEW YORK, March 15, 1898.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHAP-BOOK:

I HAD not intended to touch upon the subject of plagiarism in these days when rewriting appears to be a somewhat fashionable pastime among our most gifted authors. The continued flings of certain super-honest critics at Mr. Munsey, however, for having allowed a poem by Mr. Walter Herries Pollock to be pasted in his scrap-book for December over another's name, leads me to ask if, after all, plagiarism is such a bad thing for any periodical, much less for a ten-cent magazine. It is a large question, and much may be said upon both sides. Against the idea of plagiarism, it can be said, after the case is summed up, only that plagiarism is stealing. That is the sum and substance of the case against it. It is plain stealing, but there are comparisons even in the science of burglary. An unknown person who picks Mr. Pollock's pocket of a bit of verse, which he sells possibly for as much as three dollars, it cannot be denied, is guilty of petit larceny. But a publisher who, month after month, clears ten thousand dollars from the sale to a confiding public of an inferior article—what is he guilty of? He may say, and say truly, that the public need not buy his wares. The interesting financier who dispenses gold bricks to flush farmers may say the same thing. It does not alter the facts. Now, I do not wish to seem to insinuate that the publisher of any one of our many periodicals is guilty of the game of bunco. Mr. Munsey gives the public its full ten cents worth in his pretty little magazine, and as long as he contents himself with contrasting it with other magazines on a page basis, claiming that it is better than McClure's because it has sixty more pages than McClure's, and is superior to the Century and Harper's because its pages are cut by a buzz-saw instead of being shaved to the quick by the old-fashioned trimming machine, no one need quarrel with him. The other magazine editors, according to their several methods, undoubtedly sincerely try to render to the public a full measure of literature in return for the sums paid in. But they cannot always do it, and it is a sad fact that, wittingly or unwittingly, literature being the commodity desired by the consumer, our publishers, in many instances, are providing us with "gold bricks." There is a reason for this, of course. In a time like the present, when a real bit of literature is almost as rare as a day in June, it could hardly be expected that all of our periodicals should be up to standard. There is not enough of the real stuff to go around, and the public, observing this fact, are lenient when the

publisher sends them a periodical worth about ten cents on the dollar.

So far so good. Both parties, the plagiarist and the publisher, have received something for nothing. We condemn the plagiarist and are lenient with the publisher. It is right to be lenient with the publisher, but why condemn the plagiarist?

Because he steals, say you. It is admitted that he does, but on a modest scale, and if he steals intelligently, is he not after all doing the reader a service? I fancy there are few men in the world who would not prefer to read a fine poem stolen by an obscure person from a real poet than to have to wade through an abominably bad bit of original verse by the same obscure hand. Would not Munsey's for 1897 have been a vastly better, more welcome, more literary periodical had it printed *Vanity Fair* over the name of Thomas Jenkins Scaggs instead of giving up its pages to Mr. Hall Caine's gross libels on hospital nurses, soubrettes, the clergy and Christianity in general to be found in that highly superficial skit, *The Christian*? I am aware that in thus alluding to Mr. Caine's work I am taking my life in my hands; but if I thought my pen would ever be capable of calling that atrocity literature, I'd smash it and then go down myself in a vat of red ink. But this is a digression. *Vanity Fair*, by Thomas Jenkins Scaggs, would have been as fine a piece of literature as *Vanity Fair* by William Makepeace Thackeray, provided Mr. Scaggs plagiarized it properly; and thousands of persons who have never read it, instead of gorging themselves with the hysterical ravings of the Gloomster would have had the light of real literature let into their souls. The nightmares which keep all readers of Caine shrieking through the night would have given place to that genial glow of satisfaction which must follow the perusal of something which is convincingly good, and for which the author does not have to apologize, as does Mr. Caine in his note on the last page of the Appleton edition of his book.

Similarly, would not our magazine poetry be of better quality if it were frankly stolen instead of being produced by a lot of persons with three names and a gift of concealing thought? Would Milton's sonnet on his blindness be any less powerful and beautiful, fuller of the spirit of resignation, were it to appear to-day in some magazine as the work of Flora Annie Bosbyshell? Would the reader of that magazine, who had never read Milton, lose as much in the perusal of that sonnet as he loses, month after month, in reading Miss Bosbyshell's original verse? Take her latest lines, for instance, her poem on *Life and Love*:

Unmitigated joy—joy undisturbed,  
Whence comes the thought that thou shalt ever die?  
Who knows the sources of the boundless sky,  
The lissom love of living unperturbed?

Ah, couldst thou see within my inmost soul,  
How would the portals of this life expand  
In one sweet, solemn song, sublimely grand,  
E'en as the ocean billows blueely roll!

Hence misery, and hence all mawkish gloom,  
Grant me, O God, in all for which I strive  
That I shall plainly see the way to thrive,  
And thus avoid the strident tongue of doom.

Beautiful as these lines are, with all the lady's exquisite imagery and Meredithian simplicity of language, are they as good as Milton's sonnet? I will say to you frankly, Mr. Editor, that I should have admired Miss Bosbyshell a great deal more had she appropriated that sonnet, and had it published as her own, than I do after reading her original work on Life and Love. Furthermore, the publisher of the magazine in which her verses appear, would be doing better by his subscribers were he to order Miss Bosbyshell to confine herself to lifting a series of good things from men who wrote before the advent of magazine poetry; men who were content to express great thoughts with great simplicity, and whose ambition never led them into the realms of the puzzle-makers.

Truly, Sir, plagiarism is not without its advantages, and it seems to me that if practiced with some care might ultimately develop into an art worth cultivating. When we think of the treasures of literature that stand forgotten on the shelves of the world that could, as far as ninety per cent of the public is concerned, safely be stolen; when we think how vastly better this forgotten lore is than most of the original material now published, it does seem that readers should encourage rather than reprehend the Dick Turpins of letters who wrest these treasures from oblivion and put them back into circulation again.

Awkward plagiarism is, of course, to be reprehended, as is everything else that is not well done. Mr. LeGallienne would have done far better had he appropriated Fitzgerald's version of Omar completely, and not tried to "fool" with it until it seemed bad enough to be considered original. His nerve would have seemed far more splendid had he lifted the work bodily, making possibly a few changes in punctuation, merely to keep himself in countenance; and in this country, at least, few of the 18,000,000,673 readers of the *Cosmopolitan* magazine would have been any worse off. There, too, is the case of the periodical mentioned by you in a recent issue as plagiarizing from its own back numbers. That is awkward work and not to be commended. But the real, simon-pure plagiarism, cultivated as a fine art, studied and practiced by men with a keen sense of literary values, that, sir, I submit to you would be a boon to the reading public and should, therefore, be encouraged.

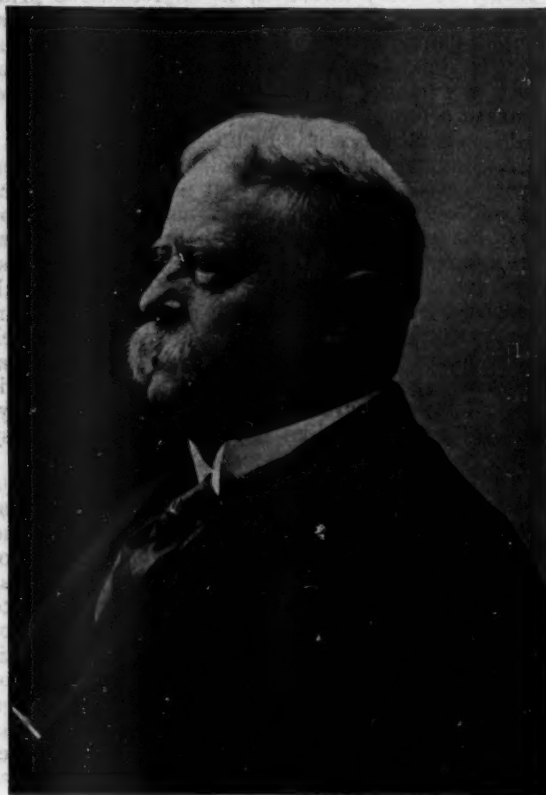
I am, sir, yours truly,

PERIWINKLE PODMORE.

P. S.—A correspondent has asked me whether a man can plagiarize from himself. It seems that a recent number of a New York literary journal contains, without credit, a poem by one of its editors which was published in some college paper a dozen or more years ago, but written then, as now, by this same editorial person. I have replied that this is not plagiarism at all. It is simply good business. What do you think?



## THE CELEBRITY GENERAL FITZHUGH LEE



*With Compliments  
Fitzhugh Lee*

PROVIDENCE has not blessed Fitzhugh Lee with much of the world's goods, but he has that which we are told by the wisest of men "is rather to be chosen than great riches" and "the loving favor that is better than silver and gold." He has never been a money-maker. His talents do not run that way; but in his biography by Pollard, it is said that he has n't a personal enemy in the world.

When I asked General Lee the other day his idea of success in life, he replied:

"The highest success in life is to acquire and retain the confidence of your family and friends." And he has attained the full measure of his ambition in this respect, in which he has been assisted

by a genial manner, a happy disposition, a good appetite and digestion, a soul that never frets and is not disturbed by fear or jealousy, an inexhaustible fund of humor, an eye that twinkles and sees fun and beauty in every direction, an unpretentious pride and sense of honor, a boyish candor, a heart that bubbles over with good will to all men, and the natural instincts of a gentleman. It is easy for such a person to be popular, and as a friend remarked of him,

"Lee is all kinds of a man."

At Havana he had the confidence and respect of every class; Spaniards as well as Cubans, citizens as well as officials, although it was well understood that his sympathies were with the insurgents, as the sympathies of a free man are always with those who are struggling for liberty. He had a difficult and hard task to perform. It required tact, courage, and keen perceptions. When he made a speech in response to a serenade the night of his arrival in Washington, he said he "had only done his duty," but there are several ways of doing a duty, and in a situation like that at Havana, it is easy for a good man or a wise man to make mistakes.

In 1896 President Cleveland decided to send a commission to Cuba to make an investigation of the political and military situation. Congress had passed a resolution recognizing the belligerency of the insurgents which he declined to sign because he believed it was not justified, and he proposed to select a Major-General of the Army, and a citizen of experience and good judgment, to make an investigation and report for his information and that of Congress. General Lee was selected as the citizen and General Merritt as the military officer. The plan was abandoned when it was found to be objectionable to Spain, and General Lee was sent under the guise of a Consul-General to accomplish the same purpose. After he had been in Havana three weeks, and had explored the situation, he wrote a lengthy report for the information of the President, and says that he would not change or retract a word of it to-day. Several matters of great importance having arisen before he finished this duty, General Lee was detained, and it was finally decided to keep him at Havana permanently. When President McKinley was inaugurated, the General sent in his resignation, but it was not accepted. In October, 1897, he came home, expecting to remain in this country, but the President asked him to go back, and assured him of the full confidence and support of the Administration. The only other appointee of President Cleveland in the diplomatic service who is retained by the present Administration is Mr. W. I. Buchanan, our Minister to the Argentine Republic.

When he finally had to leave Havana and return to Washington, President McKinley welcomed him with both hands, thanked him for his fidelity and efficiency, and asked him to remain within call, so that the Government might have the benefit of his advice and judgment.

His journey from Key West was a continuous ovation. He was received by five thousand people in Washington, and followed about the streets by a great throng. He was tendered receptions at

Washington, Richmond, Baltimore, and New York, but modestly declined them, because he felt that during the present crisis he had better keep out of the public gaze.

General Lee has been handicapped by a great name. It has stimulated his pride and ambition, but it has not inspired any vanity. When I asked him if this heritage had helped or hindered him, he said:

"It has been a heavy load. I have had the reputation of a lot of ancestors as well as my own to look after. Whatever good I have done has been credited to them, and whatever of evil has been charged to me and magnified, because people said they had a right to expect much better things of a man of my blood and breeding.

"When I was running for Governor of Virginia, John Wise said that if my name had been Fitzhugh Smith, I never would have secured the nomination. I replied that I had known a good many good men named Smith, and would have been as proud of that name as of the one I wore. In that way I got the votes of all the Smiths in Virginia, and a letter from a man who told me 'never to forget Captain John Smith, our first settler who killed Pocahontas.'"

Fitzhugh Lee was born on the nineteenth of November, 1835. He is not the son of General Robert E. Lee, the Confederate chieftain, as many suppose, but a nephew. His father was Sydney Smith Lee, a Captain in the Navy of the United States, who resigned his commission when Virginia seceded, and was the Assistant Secretary of the Navy under the Confederate Government during the entire war. General Robert E. Lee was the second, and Sydney Smith Lee the third son of General Henry Lee,—"Light-horse Harry"—of Revolutionary fame, whom Fitzhugh Lee is said to resemble in character, disposition, and appearance. Fitzhugh Lee's mother was a daughter of General John Mason, and a sister of James M. Mason, who was for many years a Senator from Virginia, and represented the Confederate States in Europe. It was he and his colleague, Mr. Slidell, who were taken from the British steamer Trent during the Civil War, and made into an international episode.

When Fitzhugh Lee was sixteen years old, President Fillmore appointed him a cadet at West Point, where he was known as "The Flea," on account of his slight stature, physical activity, and because he always signed his name F. Lee. He stood low in scholarship, but high in tactics and military science, and was first in horsemanship in his class. He was more of a soldier and an athlete than a student, and was a great favorite with both the faculty and the cadets. Otherwise he would have been dismissed from the institution, for he gained a greater reputation for mischief and escapades than any cadet up to his time had been guilty of. His Uncle Robert never received a demerit. Fitzhugh got enough for the entire family, and all he could carry without the exercise of a great deal of grace from the Academic Board. He was graduated into the famous Second cavalry, of which Albert Sidney Johnston was Colonel, Robert E. Lee, Lieutenant-Colonel, and Geo. H. Thomas, Major. He fought



his first battle against the Apaches and Comanches on the plains of Texas, was pierced through the lungs by an arrow, carried two hundred miles on a litter, and mentioned for gallantry in general orders; which was great honor for a boy who had not reached his majority. Having partially recovered his health, he was sent to West Point as an instructor in cavalry tactics, and taught Custer, Kilpatrick, and other famous dragoons how to ride. When Virginia seceded, he resigned from the United States Army, joined the Confederates, and became Adjutant-General in Beauregard's army. A few months later he was elected Colonel of a regiment of Virginia cavalry, and was in the saddle constantly to the end of the war, when he laid a Major-General's sword before President Grant. His military career was dashing and brilliant. He was several times wounded, and was the idol of his army.

I asked him what he did when the war was over.

"I rode from Appomattox Court House to Richmond, stopped at my Uncle Robert's house for a few days, came up to Alexandria to visit some relatives, and then went down the Potomac to a farm I had inherited and began to plow the ground. I continued to do so until I was elected Governor of Virginia, in 1885."

For several years after he retired from the Governorship, General Lee was engaged in the development of the western portion of Virginia, which had been open to settlement by the introduction of railways. When President Cleveland was inaugurated for the second time, he received an appointment as Collector of Internal Revenue. He was serving in that capacity when Mr. Cleveland sent him to Havana.

His present home is in Richmond, in Park avenue, a large, modern, tastefully furnished house, filled with furniture which his wife's ancestors, the Masons, brought from Paris in the early part of the century; and there is a group of ancestral portraits of both families running back for two hundred years. Mrs. Lee was Ellen Fowle, the daughter of a well-known Alexandria family, originally from New England. They have five children; Ellen, the eldest, will be married on the first of June, to a Mr. Cunningham, of San Antonio,

Texas, whom she met while he was a cadet at the Virginia Military Institute. George Mason Lee, the eldest son, is named after his great-grandfather, who wrote the Constitution of Virginia, and the bill of rights, and was elected Senator from Virginia to the First Congress of the United States, but declined the honor. He never held an office, but Thomas Jefferson said he was the wisest man he ever knew.

Nannie, the third child, is a beautiful girl of sixteen, and her younger sister, Virginia, was born in the Governor's house at Richmond. That old mansion has been occupied by every governor since 1812, but only two children have been born under its roof—one was the daughter of Letcher, the war governor, the other of Fitzhugh Lee. Both were named in honor of the state: Virginia Lee Letcher, and Virginia Lee; and it is a curious coincidence that the former is the teacher of the school which the latter attends.

In appearance and stature Fitzhugh Lee resembles the late General Sheridan. He is rotund and rosy, and his circumference at the equator is nearly equal to his height. He has a clear blue eye, a fresh youthful complexion, upon which the color comes and goes as he talks, and gray hair and moustache. He used to wear a long black beard in war times, which he says was due to the fact that he lost his razor. More recently he has worn an imperial upon his chin, but cut it off while at Havana. He plays the violin and the piano, and has a fine barytone voice. He is fond of society, particularly that of young people, feels at home everywhere and under all circumstances, has a tender sympathy and deep, poetic sentiment, and used to write verses to his wife in their courtship days.

I asked him what three things he liked the best in the world.

"Women, horses, and songs."

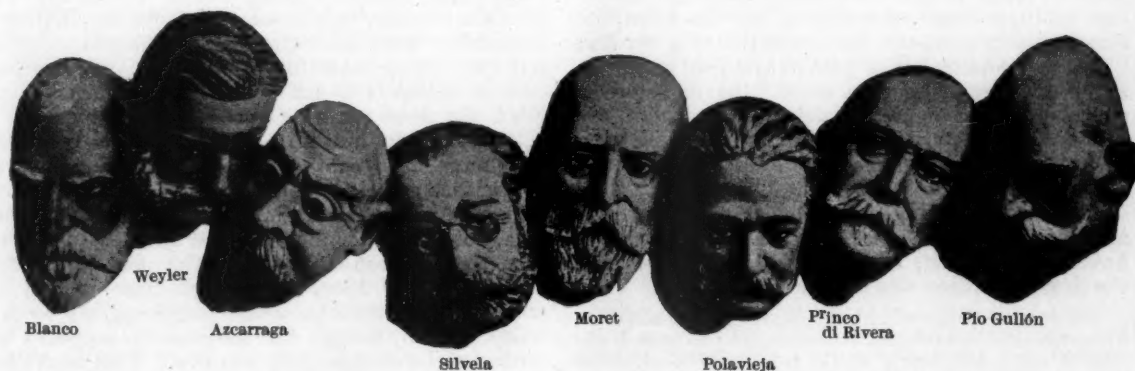
"What is your favorite song?"

"You will have a heap o' fun if you join Lee's cavalry."

"What, of all you have seen in your experience, do you admire most?"

"My wife and daughters."

WILLIAM ELEROY CURTIS.



## BOSTON IN FICTION

## II

IT is a curious thing that even in their historical fiction referring to the remotest periods, the Bostonians have felt impelled to trot out their view across the Back Bay—which, by the way, is not now, and could not have been two hundred and more years ago, worthy to be mentioned on the same day with the view from City Point across Boston Bay, which they never mention. In Penelope's Suitors, by the late Edwin Lasseter Bynner, the most dainty and captivating story of early Boston yet written, Mistress Penelope Pelham is made to gush a little over this well-worn view:

We walked upon the Centry Field, and thence by the seashore to Mr. Blackstone his garden, where we had good prospect of the sun's setting.

Mr. Blackstone his garden was on the westerly slope of Beacon Hill; even then the sun was setting on the Back Bay: in fiction the time is always afternoon there—though the quality of the lotus eaten by the inhabitants may be somewhat nervous and even a trifle acrid at times. However, it is possible to overlook the Back Bay and still get much instruction and some entertainment out of Boston historical fiction. No other American town has proved so suggestive of historical tales; it would be impracticable to mention them all here.

The Scarlet Letter is, of course, the greatest. We do not find Hawthorne's canvas filled with local details, nor with color elaborately laid on after the manner of writers of historical fiction that came after him; Mr. Bynner was more the sort of man to do that. But how truly do we feel that the author's imagination has, in The Scarlet Letter, with a few broad strokes pictured the old town for us! We feel the place minutely, though the description may not be minute. Cornhill, the place of the prison, the burying-ground, the forest close by—all these dwell with us after we read the book, and we seem long afterward to have remembered them through direct acquaintance.

One line of genius-work like this is worth many pages of such minute and bookish, though doubtless quite accurate, description of the town, its streets, its houses, and its institutions, as we find in Samuel Adams Drake's Captain Nelson. In that "romance of colonial days," the narrative is abruptly intermitted to make a place for certain very full details concerning these things which are antiquarian rather than romantic in their interest. Mr. Drake, by the way, made Cotton Mather do one interesting thing: one wonders whether it is historical or imagined. Sir William Phips's ships having come back, balked, from Beauport, after the first expedition against the French,

The Reverend Cotton Mather hurriedly pigeon-holed the sermon he had written commemorating the triumph of the English arms, and predicting the coming downfall of the great scarlet courtesan of Rome.

One enjoys his humiliation, and wishes his sermon had had to stay pigeon-holed. But if Cotton

Mather really had pigeon-holes, was that what he called them?

Mr. Bynner's Agnes Surriage, the scene of which is partly laid in Boston, is commonly accounted the best picture of the early colonial town. It does not appear that any one could have known the time better, nor that any one could have treated it with more grace and conscience. The episode of the pious elder's courting of the equally pious widow at the house at the North End, where Agnes lived, is the real thing. Mr. Bynner was also able to put himself into the early part of the present century, and the war of 1812, with its sea-fighting frenzy, with great success in his Zachary Phips. It is a charming touch where Zachary, sailing, after many far adventures, into Boston harbor in the Constitution, from which he is not permitted to land, distinguished with a glass the southern gable of the house in Salutation Alley where he lived as a boy, and the green swaying branches of the appletrees in the garden behind.

Among the fine colonial pictures in Hawthorne's Legends of the Province House, the world, it is to be hoped, will long remember that of old Esther Dudley, the pauper-custodian of the structure, who loyally awaits the return of the royal governor, and goes out joyfully to meet Governor Hancock on his arrival, supposing him to be the king's representative come back; she is as good as the epically deceived old Parisian in Daudet's Siege of Berlin. As to the epoch at least, Mr. Bynner went side by side with Hawthorne, and he is surely not unworthy to be mentioned with him. Mr. Bynner, with his usual delicate humor, cleverly suggested the early development of the Bostonians' good conceit of themselves in Penelope Pelham's record of her first impression of the squalid little post on the edge of the wilderness, in 1689:

Truly I am not like to forget my grievous disappointment. I had fair imaginings of something like Arcady, but it seemeth not at all Arcadian on nearer view, while the poor little town of Boston filleth the beholder with neither awe nor admiration. I dare not declare my mind in this respect by reason of giving offense to the good people hereabout, who affect to find it a paradise.

Hawthorne, Bynner, and Mr. Edward J. Carpenter (the last in a story called A Woman of Shawmut) have all "done up" Governor Bellingham, who, with his extraordinary marriage, presents a shining mark for the novelist. Of course, each one makes a different sort of man of him. Much the same period has been treated by Mr. F. J. Stimson, in his King Noanett—a book in which the local color, though it has an outward appearance of being "documented," is of uncertain tone at times. The author seems to have had the idea, not altogether unusual, that an effect of antiquity can be obtained by the employment of merely bad English. Many of its solecisms, which it would be charitable to deem intentional, are essentially modern, though the narrator is supposed to write in the seventeenth century. This narrator mentions as plants new and strange to him weeds which were introduced by the colonists from Britain, and sets the American birds in the woods



to singing sweetly in November. Such things make us suspect the description of life in ancient Boston as scarcely worthy of confidence. Mr. Stimson has had the singular fancy of transporting Boyle O'Reilly almost by name into the life of Massachusetts and Virginia in the seventeenth century; and the artist who illustrated the book has complicated matters by drawing the publisher of it for this colonial Boyle O'Reilly! On the whole, King Noanett seems to belong fairly to the curiosities of Boston literature. *Pirate Gold*, by the same author, also introduces old Boston, with more success.

After the early colonial, of course the Revolutionary Boston tempted the novelists most. Cooper's *Lionel Lincoln* is the most interesting study in this field. It abounds curiously in instances of Cooper's slipshod literary methods. We are told that, on the road home from Concord, "the Americans melted before their (the British) power in sullen silence, never ceasing to use their weapons, however." As their weapons were rifles of an exceedingly noisy description, the silence of the Americans must have been considerably more sullen than profound. However, as Cooper's defects of expression arose from the prodigious number of words that he always had at his command, we occasionally have ample compensation in the fine fluency of his descriptions. It would be hard to find more stirring and graphic accounts of the battles of Concord and Bunker Hill than are found in *Lionel Lincoln*; and the descriptions of the town (which had not greatly changed when Cooper visited it) prove that he had studied it well. His introduction contains a note which is as true now as when it was written some sixty or seventy years ago, and which goes far to explain the popularity of Boston with writers of historical fiction:

The good people of Boston are aware of the creditable appearance they make in the early annals of the confederation, and they neglect no commendable means to perpetuate the glories of their ancestors. In consequence, the inquiry after historical facts is answered, there, by an exhibition of local publications, that no other town in the Union can equal.

If *Lionel Lincoln* is the best study of the Revolution in fiction, the most elaborate and astonishing one is by an English author, Mary A. M. Hoppus. It is in two volumes, published in London in 1883, and is entitled *A Great Treason*. The treason is presumably Benedict Arnold's, and not that of the colonists, who are very sympathetically handled. So are the British, too; and being friendly to both sides, the book has hardly been satisfactory to either. Perhaps it has helped to put for English observers a fairer face, on the whole, upon the Yankees; it is to be feared that it missed its purpose in doing the like thing for the Britishers with the Yankee observer, for the reason that few Americans could ever have had the time and patience to wade through the two volumes. The same incidents that figure in the *Great Treason* figure also, to a considerable extent, in still another novel about the American Revolution by an English author—*Old Boston*, by A. de Grasse Stevens. It includes the very same good

story of the scene at the famous meeting at the Old South Church, in which the young British captain, sitting in the "deacons' seats" under the pulpit, attempted to disconcert the speaker, Warren, by holding up for view his palm full of bullets, and Warren dropped his white handkerchief over them and went on with the proceedings. There is about this book an overstrained, innocently mawkish, now-you-must-be-awed style which is nothing short of amusing.

Mrs. Lydia Maria Child has written of the Revolutionary events in Boston from a native American point of view—even a Bostonian point of view, for Lydia Francis was born about five miles from the State House—in her *Rebels*. It has in it, of course, Sam Adams and the other patriots and Tories, and it has also Whitfield the preacher, one of whose sermons has a great effect on the heroine. There is a bit of description of Governor Hutchinson and his library, and an account of the Boston Massacre. It is hardly a remarkable piece of work.

Historical fiction shades off into the modern guide-book in the juvenile story—pattern and example of which is Jacob Abbott's *Marco Paul* in Boston. In 1853 appeared this thrilling adventure in pursuit of knowledge; it has the queerest and "cutest" little pictures, with those priceless little boys in long trousers, short spencer jackets, and wide-topped caps. You know the sort of thing which was supposed, in 1853, to be more interesting to boys than anything else could be:

"Is that the City Hall?" asked Marco.

"No; that is the State House," said Forester.

"The State House?"

"Yes. A State House is a more important building than a City Hall in one respect, for in a State House the whole business of a State is transacted, but in a City Hall only the business of a city."

Needless to say that the juvenile of the present period is not to be taken by any such bait as that. Doctor Hale and Miss Hale used him better in their *New Harry and Lucy*; and Mr. Hezekiah Butterworth's *Up from the Cape* has human as well as geographical interest.

There is a whole shoal of other stories about Boston. Even Mr. Hamlin Garland has taken his shy at us in *A Member of the Third House*—a tale of lobbying and legislative corruption, "novelized" from a play. As this story has a distinctly ethical motive, the author probably saw no occasion to give it also an artistic one. Ethical motive you will also find in stories like Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells's *Miss Curtis*, which is directed in a conventional way against conventionality, and Miss Anna Farquhar's *Singer's Heart*—a clever and interesting *Ships-that-Pass-in-the-Night* kind of a novel, which treats vividly of music and musicians in Boston, and consequently has in it several foreigners. Mr. Edward Fuller has introduced a good many foreigners into his *Complaining Millions of Men*, which seems to be a satire rather than a study; here is a Socialistic minister and a Socialist club; a realistic newspaper, the *Public Library*, and much more that is up to date; the whole has a distinctly melodramatic flavor. Mr. Fuller's *Forever* and *A Day* is also Bosto-



nian and also melodramatic. Judge Robert Grant's *Confessions of a Frivolous Girl* and his other scenes presumably placed in Boston have little distinctly local color; Judge Grant deals chiefly with the foibles of nice people, which seem to be much the same in several places. Miss Alice Brown's *Day of His Youth* is located partly in Boston; it is a recent and very clever piece of work. Agnes Blake Poor's *Boston Neighbors*, also very recent, is one of the considerable number of works of fiction that venture to carry the name of the city in their titles; it also lightly satirizes the weaknesses and vanities of the people of the town. Another book that sought the carrying power of the name of Boston was Miss Virginia Townsend's *A Boston Girl's Ambition*; it was not decidedly Bostonian, in spite of the name and a certain ostentation of Bostonianism in its opening scene, which is laid in the Genealogical Rooms in Somerset street. These rooms, by the way, and the ancient human parchments which may be found in them, have never had the place in Boston fiction that they eminently deserve. If Mr. Howells has never taken any of his people up to 18 Somerset street, one wonders why he has not. Characters much stranger than fiction are to be found there every day. Perhaps Mr. Howells regarded them as essentially improbable.

The first novel to bear the name of Boston was probably the worst Boston novel that ever appeared—*Boston Common*, its name was, and it was so bad that it was almost good. It was published in 1856, and was, as to its second title, *A Tale of Our Own Time*, by a Lady. On the first page the author seeks to beguile her reader to the *Common* in the following alarming language:

Wilt come with me, dear reader, to this sweet spot? Wilt recline 'neath the sheltering branches of these noble trees? Wilt place thy hand cordially in mine, and lend me thy sympathy and thy heart? And, while the birds are warbling their love-songs over thy head, wilt listen to my simple tale?

*Boston Common* was a popular story in its time—which fact is an indication that the popular taste has not degenerated. Another curiosity in literature was Mrs. Harrison Grey Otis's *Barclays of Boston*—concerning which nothing more is to be said. But for utter curiousness the palm should undoubtedly go to a novel called *Iliad*, by Chaplain Kane, of the United States Navy. It has plot enough to fit out several romances and have enough left for itself. The scene opens in the house (in Boston) of a Harvard professor, who is ambitious to become the president of that well-known educational institution. To further this nefarious design, the professor marries the daughter of one of the trustees of the university, though he is plighted to another girl. Thereupon the jilted girl curses him at the door of the Old South Church. The tale concerns itself with the working out of this curse; the girl forgives the professor, but the curse goes on working just the same; on account of the awful efficacy of curses spoken in this dreadful place, she is unable to shut it off. Madness threatens her; but in order that a plot already quite thick should thicken, the scene now shifts to New Orleans and the Civil War.

Presently the horrors of war cease to suffice; still more thickening is necessary. Ghosts are now introduced. The hero makes and keeps an appointment with another man's spirit, apart from his body; a man is transported into the next world and meets the spirits of his wife and children, who are displeased to see him there without the "death-mark" on him, and he is compelled to go back until he can return properly labeled.

From the Boston of 1640 to the Boston of the end of the twentieth century—from Hawthorne and the *Scarlet Letter* to Mr. Edward Bellamy and *Looking Backward*—is a far cry; but it is to be remembered that this vision of the future is of a re-born Boston. There was every possible reason why such a vision should have been placed in Boston. The colonial America, and after that the republican America, were born here; why should not the social America be born here? There is every reason why Boston should have a pre-eminent part in all sorts of fiction, among American cities.

JOSEPH EDGAR CHAMBERLIN.

## AN HERITAGE

**H**ARK to the voices calling—calling from shore to shore,  
For the storm wind blows his trumpet blast, the crested billows roar;  
From East to West, from North to South, clear is the summons blown,  
Awake, ye sea-kings' children, and claim what is your own.

Oh, long before Columbus came, or sailed the Portuguese,  
Our blue-eyed Viking forefathers were masters of the seas;  
Their long ships vexed Byzantium's coast, the red man saw them come,  
Like ravens, Dane and Norseman seized the Briton's island home.

There victor bred with vanquished, and a race of sailors came,  
The great sea captains follow fast along the roll of fame,  
The haughty Spaniard bowed his crest, the great Armada quailed,  
While Raleigh laughed the Dons to scorn, and Drake the round world sailed.

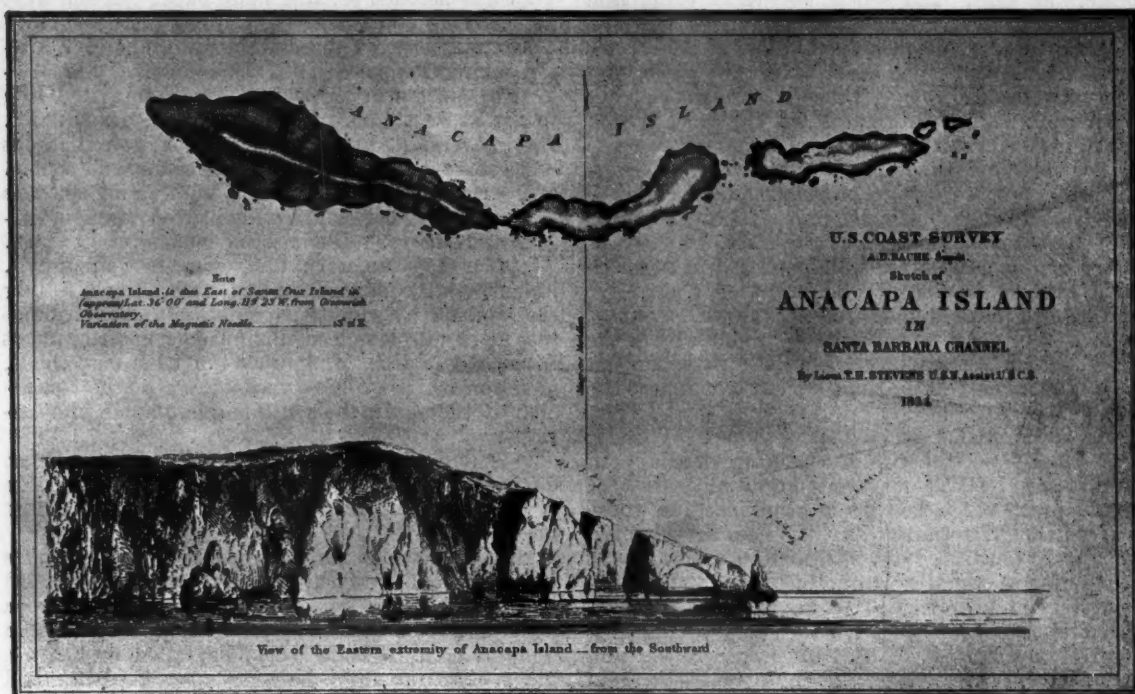
And when beyond the winter sea, the Pilgrim lit his fires,  
A line of mariners yet showed the valor of their sires.  
Their whalers knew the frozen North, their traders East and South,  
When conflict came, the Stars and Stripes steered to the cannon's mouth.

The Pilgrim's blood is in our veins, and in each heart yet beats  
A pulse of them that mocked the Dons and shook the Spanish fleets;  
And the spirit of the Viking wakes as over the foaming tide,  
Beneath the pennon of the free we see our navies ride.

Come, peace or war, in storm or calm, firm shall Columbia stand,  
The spicy south seas kiss her feet, an ocean guards each hand,  
And, cradled in her mighty breast, a sturdy race she bears,  
Who count the deep an heritage and are the sea-kings' heirs.

PHOEBE LYDE.





WHISTLER'S FIRST ETCHING

## WHISTLER IN THE U. S. COAST SURVEY

**W**HISTLER was discharged from West Point in June, 1854; in January, 1855, he received an appointment in the drawing division of the United States Coast Survey at Washington, where he was employed for two months. The office records show that he worked six and one-half days in the early part of January, and five and three-fourth days in February, for which he received a compensation of \$18.95, at the rate of \$1.50 per day. He lodged in the house which still stands at the northeast corner of E and Twelfth streets, N.W., a two-story brick building with attic. He occupied a plainly but comfortably furnished room, such as could then have been rented for about ten dollars a month.

The first work done by Whistler for the Coast Survey was an etching of a view of Anacapa Island in Santa Barbara Channel, off the coast of California. The view covers only part of the plate, the balance being a map of the island etched by two other employes of the Survey. His second piece of work led to a reprimand and soon afterwards he left the Survey. In fact, according to some, he was not only reprimanded, but dismissed. This second plate was a map with two views and Whistler's offense consisted in having filled the spaces between the map and the views with fancy sketches of heads.

This has long been considered Whistler's first known etching; but it is obvious that the view of Anacapa Island, which was discovered during a

thorough search made by the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey upon my application for information in regard to any work which Whistler might have done for the Survey, must have antedated it, however slightly. I think that I, therefore, can claim to have brought to light Whistler's first etched plate. For forty-three years the prints made from it have been buried in a Government report; it is not mentioned in any catalogue of Whistler's etchings, and it seems to have been wholly unknown to collectors. The plate is in the possession of the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey, and is in good condition.

Mr. A. Lindenkohl, who was an employé of the Coast Survey at the time Whistler was connected with it, and still is, recalls an amusing early morning visit to Whistler's lodgings, made at the suggestion of the superintendent of the Coast Survey, with the purpose of impressing the happy-go-lucky employé of the drawing division with the importance of punctuality.

"Captain Benham, who was then in charge of the office," writes Mr. Lindenkohl, "took occasion to tell me that he felt great interest in the young man, not only on account of his talents, but also on account of his father, who was his particular friend, a graduate of West Point, and a distinguished civil engineer; and he furthermore told me that he would be highly pleased if I could induce Whistler to be more regular in his attendance. 'Call at his lodgings on your way to the

office,' he said, 'and see if you can't bring him along.'

"Accordingly, one morning I called at Whistler's lodgings at half past eight. No doubt, he felt somewhat astonished at this early intrusion, but received me with the greatest bonhomie, invited me to make myself at home and promised to make all possible haste to comply with my wishes. Nevertheless he proceeded with the greatest deliberation to rise from his couch and put himself into shape for the street and prepare his breakfast, which consisted of a cup of strong coffee brewed in a steam-tight French machine, which was then a novelty; and he also insisted upon treating me with a cup of coffee. We made no extra haste on our way to the office, which we reached about half past ten—an hour and a half after time. I did not repeat the experiment."

Mr. Lindenkohl adds that although Whistler was equally skillful with the etching needle, pen, and brush, he had an aversion to any kind of employment which had the taint of machine work, and which did not allow him the free introduction of artistic touches. His imagination seemed to be constantly at work creating pictures, and an instinctive impulse seemed to guide him to commit these impressions to paper before they vanished.

"He was skillful in sketching landscapes, and I remember a pretty little sketch of the old Arsenal at Greenleaf's Point, which he sketched from the Coast Survey windows, and which was highly prized as a keepsake by a fellow-employé; but I think he took greater delight in sketching human figures of the grotesque type, such as knights, monks, beggars, etc., and was especially interested in the arrangement and folds of the garments. I remember that he showed me several examples done with the brush in sepia in old French or Spanish style.

"As I remember him, possessed of an elegant figure with an abundance of black curly hair, soft lustrous eyes, finely cut features, fair complexion, well shaped hands, and a graceful tournure, I thought him about the handsomest fellow I ever met; but for some reasons I did not consider him a perfect model of manly beauty,—his mouth betokened more ease than firmness, his brow more reverie than acute mental activity, and his eyes more depth than penetration. Sensitiveness and animation appeared to be his predominating traits."

Adjutant-General Breck, United States Army, (retired), who was a friend of Whistler's at this time, sends me the story of an occurrence during Whistler's sojourn in Washington. The Russian Minister had been very kind and polite to him, and, desiring to reciprocate, Whistler invited him to dinner. The invitation was accepted, and Whistler said he would call in a carriage at the appointed time, which he did. As they were driving off Whistler asked the Minister if he would object to his stopping at a store on the way, to which the Minister replied that he would not. After stopping, Whistler returned to the carriage with several paper bundles and resumed his very entertaining conversation. Presently he asked the Minister if he would mind stopping a moment at the market.

This was acceded to, and more paper parcels were added to the collection.

They then drove to a lodging house, and Whistler, taking his paper bundles, conducted the Minister to a room in the attic, where he invited him to a seat in a comfortable chair in a cozy corner. Having requested further permission, he pulled out a gas stove and the necessary saucepans, and cooked and served an excellent dinner, with an appropriate accompaniment of wines of approved vintage, coffee, and cigars. During the whole proceedings, Whistler kept up a running conversation of wit, humor, and comment on his proceedings, telling the Minister by way of explanation that he had not the money to give him a handsome entertainment as he would like to, and, as the next best thing, gave something of his own device. At the conclusion of the affairs he sent his guest home in a carriage.

It is doubtful if the Russian Minister was ever, during his sojourn in Washington, entertained in a more original manner, or by a more brilliant host.

Having been discharged from West Point because he would not apply himself to studies which did not appeal to his artistic sense; and having been dismissed from the Government employ because, in doing a piece of hack work, he failed to restrain his artistic impulses, he now gave the latter full play. The result has been that brilliant career of art and wit which those who have followed it have found both fascinating and amusing.

GUSTAV KOBBE.

## MY SAINT

**M**Y arms are empty, and my eyes,  
That cannot see her little face;  
Look on the world in dull surprise  
To find it such a dreary place.

What wonder that her rosy feet  
Turned from the earthly path they trod,  
Faltered, and found the starry street,  
The rainbow way that leads to God!

With smiling lips she tried to frame  
A word of parting or of prayer;  
They only dimpled to my name,  
And smiled again, and rested there.

Within the hollow of my breast,  
Where once my heart beat fervently,  
A chapel I have reared and blest  
And there enshrined her memory.

Only white thoughts may enter here,  
To scatter incense sweet and faint,  
Kneel with the priest who worships near,  
Or serve the altar of my saint.

Love is the priest, and night and day  
With folded wings and drooping head,  
He kneels before the shrine to pray,  
And whisper masses for the dead.

ANNE DEVOORE.





## HOW DUTCH PETE GOT EVEN

LATE in a beautiful spring day, the Old Timer and I sat with tilted chairs against the logs of a little old cabin of the Black Hills. Before us, pine-covered, the wide sweep of the mountain dipped until it ran out into a spacious open plain containing the little mining town, beyond which were more pines and more peaks, ever lowering until they ended at last in the brown prairie and the white turrets of the Bad Lands. Back of us was the breast of the hill, likewise covered with pines, through which the wind played as through the chords of a harp. The peak of Harney, sun-browned, bold, and rugged, towered far back in the west. It was the peaceful time of day. The purple finches were warbling their high sweet songs back on the hill; the dull yellow after-glow was beginning to bathe with its magic the company of pines trooping down the opposite slope; sounds from the town came up to us, mellowed by distance. The Old Timer lit his pipe and grew reminiscent.

"Yes," he said, in response to a remark of mine, "there ain't much modern about this yere shack. I reckon she sees most of the history of that unasumin' hamlet yander. I ought to know, for I and Irish Mike is responsible for her. You ought've see that Irish Mike—old pard of mine. He is a little feller, but he has the most persuasive gun in the outfit, and he thinks them Irish is shore the high hand. When he irrigates frequent enough down at the Little Nugget, he always has one word to promulgate,—'God bless the Irish and let the Dutch rustle!' Those is his sentiments at such times. As the Dutch is scarce in these diggin's, Irish sees no objections forthcomin', but onct I remember, he gets snubbed good.

"It is all along of two strangers that hits camp. One is one of these yere card sharps, which as he conducts the game gentlemanlike, and stakes invariably them he busts, the camp likes him and takes him to their bosom cordial. The other is a little Dutchman with a face on him like a prospectin' pick, and hair as straight as an Injun's, only white. Well, he gives out he buys horses, and he pays cash, and whereas the camp has a superfluity of brones, they likewise welcomes the base-born foreigner.

"That is, all but the card sharp. He and the Dutchman is mighty truculent and peevish. The boys expects gun-play right along, and the bar-keep has lots of dust in charge on bets as to which gets which, but somehow they takes it out in glowerin' around like a couple of greasers. Also they is a few side bets on a diversion between Irish and the Dutchman, owin' to Irish flingin' his motto around so promiscuous, but the Dutchman says nothin', only looks at Irish sly out of the corner of his eyes.

"Meanwhile he buys horses. It do n't make no difference what the brand, or how many; he buys them, and he pays his dust for them, too. He allows he buys for a tenderfoot, and do n't care what he gives for them, and the prices he pays for them is scandalous. The boys sells out to once and

is rich. Then Dutch Pete, that's his name, goes up in the hills and buys horses some more, till he has a bunch of nigh three hundred—every hoof in the district, and no more to be had owin' to the Pierre trail bein' closed by hostiles.

"'Bout this time the card sharp calls all bets off by leavin'. The boys is sorry to see him go, for he plays white, and ain't ahead of the game much when he goes. However, he pulls his freight and is heard of no more for about two weeks, when a grub-staker brings a letter from him to Irish, my pard. That letter allows that this card sharp has shore struck a big thing. It says he has found the mother lode for shore, and a gent with a toothpick can occupy hisself pleasant after the evenin' meal extractin' nuggets from the rifts in the bed-rock which is on top, free and open. He gives the location of this fairy dream of wealth, which same is through the limestone 'bout a hundred and fifty mile, and he asks Irish to come and be his pard on the claims.

"At this Irish celebrates at the Nugget. He shore tears things, and the price of liquor takes a jump. And in his glory he talks considerable till the boys begins to notice the tales, and concludes that the joyous Hibernian has reasons for the orgy. Then they uses diplomacy and gets the letter. You can bet there is a stampede then. Every man makes tracks for his outfit and begins to organize for voyagin'. After packin' up they realizes they has no horses, and let me tell you right here, sonny, the man that says he travels a hundred and fifty mile afoot through that limestone country carryin' a prospectin' outfit and grub is a damn fool or a damn liar. So they goes to Dutch Pete and tries to buy.

"Now, Pete," says Colorado Jim, which same was afterwards sheriff, 'these yere beasts is eatin' their heads off, and air no good, so you got to sell them back.'

"But Dutch Pete allows that tenderfoot do n't say nothin' about sellin' no horses, and he can't do it.

"That bein' the case," says Colorado, calm like, 'we plays our next card, the same bein' a trump. We aims to be squar and liberal, but we aims also to bestride the noble horse. We gives you your price for the bunch which you names, failin' which we decorates yander pine-tree with your carcass.' Sayin' which Colorado unfolds his lariat. The crowd approves this yere Colorado's sentiment.

"At this Dutch Pete allows he must sell, but it has to be cash, to which the boys agrees. So Pete fixes his price, which same has shore an imposin' altitood, bein' more than twice what he gives, that same bein' enough, and the boys ponies up, aimin' to get it all back at Mulberry Gulch. That is the name of the place this yere card sharp mentions.

"Then the camp agrees to be peaceable and not to stampede, so we all moves quiet over the mountains. We arrives in three days, and finds the place all right, but they ain't no more gold in that limestone than they is in that stuff," and the Old Timer contemptuously kicked a chunk of quartz which an enthusiastic tenderfoot had lugged in during the day. "And what is more, they ain't no card sharp there neither. The boys gets mad then,

and comes back a-snortin'. Dutch Pete is gone with his dust, but he has nailed a sign up on that door which says, 'The Dutch has rustled.' That shows he takes notice of Mike's previous remarks," he concluded, puffing strongly on his pipe.

The long bar of yellow light shining through a rift in the hills had glided out over the prairie to the horizon, had lifted up into the air, and had finally faded away. The stars were out, and the darkness had flowed down through the pines. The Old Timer's figure was lost in the shadow of the cabin, and the only glow of his pipe betrayed his whereabouts.

"Did you ever hear of him again?" I asked at length.

"Yes," he answered grimly, "Colorado sees that card sharp and Dutch Pete both drunk together plenty at Deadwood. He has a gleeful time playin' out that game, but that's another yarn, and I'm goin' to turn in."

STEWART EDWARD WHITE.

## OLD-TIME DRINKS AND DRINKERS

### I

#### MEAD OR METHEGLIN

**M**EAD or metheglin, made of fermented honey, herbs, and water, was what has been termed a "natural drink," that is, its manufacture seems to have been almost instinctive with every race, nation, or tribe on this globe, living where there is vegetation enough to nourish and cherish bees. In tropical India, in Africa, in the South Sea Islands, all throughout the temperate zone, in frigid Iceland and Siberia, mead has been brewed from fermented honey. In the Middle Ages it was the drink of all heroes and warriors; in the present day it still is made in many countries. The name also was almost universal; the root of mead and metheglin was the same, and was found in many languages, some not closely allied. In Old English, Friesian, Dutch, and Middle Low German, mead was mede; in Anglo-Saxon, medu; in German, meth; in Icelandic, miodhr or miod; in Swedish and Danish, mjod; in Welsh, medd; in Irish, meadh; while honey was in Russian, medu; in Sanscrit, madhu; in Lithuanian, midus, etc., etc.

The early Irish laws, called the Brehon laws, provided for the propagation and preservation of bees, that mead might be plentiful; and early Celtic chronicles refer to it.

Taliesin, the Cymric bard of the sixth century, thus glorified mead:

God made it to man for his happiness.

Later, in English courts, the mead-maker was the eleventh officer in rank in the royal household; and the steward had as perquisite as much of every cask of mead as he could reach with the first joint of his middle finger. By the Welsh laws, mead was valued as worth four times as much as ale. It must be put up in a cask nine palms (or hand's-breadths) in height; big enough to serve the king or one of his counselors as a washing-tub.

Many old-time rules for making mead or metheglin exist, among them that of Queen Elizabeth, wherein, as in ale, she brewed strong.

A famous and explicit rule for making metheglin ran thus:

Take all sorts of Hearbs that are good and wholesome, as Balme, Mint, Fennel, Rosemary, Angelica, wilde Thyme, Isop, Burnet, Egrimony, and such other as you think fit; some field Hearbs but you must not put in too many but especially Rosemary or any strong Hearb, lesse than halfe a handfull will serve of every sorte, you must boyl your Hearbs and strain them, and let the liquor stand till to Morrow, and settle them, take off the clearest Liquor, two Gallons and a halfe to one Gallon of Honey, and that proportion as much as you will make, and let it boyle an houre, and in the boylng skim it very clear, then set it a cooking as you doe Beere, when it is cold take some very good Ale Barne, and put into the bottome of the Tubb a little and a little as they do Beer keeping back the thiek. Sething that lyeth in the Bottom of the vessel it is cooled in, and when it is all put together cover it with a Cloth, and let it worke very neere three dayes, and when you mean to put it up, skim off all the Barne clean, put it up into the Vessel, but you must not stop your Vessel very close in three or four dayes, but let it have all the vent, for it will worke, and when it is close stopped you must looke very often to it, and have a peg in the top to give it vent, when you heare it make a noise as it will doe, or else it will breake the Vessel: Sometime I make a bag and put in good store of Ginger sliced, some Cloves and Cinnamon and boyl it in, and other time I put it into the Barrel and never boyl it, it is both good, but Nutmeg and Mace do not well to my Tast.

It was deemed by many a very simple drink. Alexander Brome wrote of it:

Our drowsy metheglin  
Was only ordained to inveigle in  
The novice that knows not to drink yet.

Though made of mild ingredients and drowsy in effect, metheglin was to an extent intoxicating. James Howel wrote in one of his letters, "Metheglin does stupify more than any other liquor if taken immoderately, and keeps a-humming in the brain, which made one say he loved not metheglin, because he was wont to speak too much of the house he came from, meaning the hive."

There was a time during the reign of the Stuarts that mead was little used by the English people. Rich wines and highly spiced ales drove out the simpler drink. It is seldom found on the inventories of estates, in cellar lists, etc. Pepys, in February, 1659, wrote in his Diary of "a brave cup of metheglin, the first I ever drank;" and Pepys was a great ale and wine bibber.

Metheglin was one of the drinks of the American colonists, but I have never seen it named as mead. As early as 1633, the Piscataqua planters of New Hampshire, in their list of values which they set in furs—the currency of the colony, made "6 Gallon Mathaglin equal 2 Lb Beaver." Twenty years later it was worth ten shillings a barrel in the Connecticut valley. Metheglin was made in large amounts in Virginia, where whole plantations of honey-locust were set out to supply metheglin. The long beans of the locust were ground and mixed with honey, herbs and water, and this fermented liquor was used to make metheglin.

One other never-ceasing honor may be paid to mead; from its use by the Teutons, the ancient people of Germany, as a constant drink for thirty days after being married, is said to be derived our





KING GEORGE JUG

expression "to spend the honey-moon"—or, as *The Tatler* calls it, the "honey-month."

A graphic and thoroughly Gallic description of old English customs during the reigns of Edward VI and Mary is given by one Master Stephen Peblin, a French physician, who was in England at that time. He says:

"The English, one with the other, are joyous, and are very fond of music, likewise are they great drinkers. Now, remember, if you please, that in this country they generally use vessels of silver when they drink wine; and they will say to you usually at table, 'Goude chere;' and also they will say to you more than one hundred times, 'Drink Oui,' and you will reply to them in their language, 'I plaigui.'"

One of these earthen pots which were used for drinking beer and metheglin is the oldest well authenticated drinking-vessel in this country. It was brought here by Governor John Winthrop, in the year 1607. He called it "a Stone Pot tipped and covered with a Silver Lydd." It stands eight inches high, and the lid is engraved with a quaint design of Adam and Eve with the tempting serpent. It is now owned by the American Antiquarian Society at Worcester, Mass. Some of these jugs, in gray and blue stoneware, have on the side a medallion with the initials G. R., or a crown or a crude bas-relief of a bewigged person said to be George I.

ALICE MORSE EARLE.

## WAR CORRESPONDENTS AND CORRESPONDENCE\*

IT IS only taking a step into the past to find the correspondent unknown; while the general staff has an etiquette and routine, differing little in practice, and not at all in spirit, from precedents established by all generals, from Rameses to the Duke of Wellington. A council of war is in solemn progress. Secrecy, maintained to the point where eager lies are to be told to hold back the truth, is the imperative order. Then there comes, without status either legal or customary, a person whose business in life it is to learn secrets—prepared in his turn to resort to almost any device in order to persuade the truth into escaping. What is to be done, and how are the antagonists to be reconciled? During the Civil War there was a disposition shown by the more irascible generals to hang the correspondent—which is merely begging the question. Certainly some of the carefully prepared plans of the North became Southern property through the questionable enterprise of the newspapers, to the exasperation of those whose labors were thus made vain; and, certainly, it is little more reassuring to have a friendly spy in camp, than one sent by the enemy. Mr. Grover Flint discloses the method adopted by the Cuban Army of Liberation: He was made an honorary major, attached to the headquarters staff with General Gomez, given a ration and a share in the plunder, and, confidence once being reposed in him, permitted to do as he pleased. Mr. G. W. Steevens with the Turk in the recent war with Greece had also an official position, a decree of the Sultan's introducing him to Idhem Pasha, commanding the army of invasion; but he had no title nor ration. For him, however, the Turkish Army turned out for inspection, the general staff obtained as authentic information as the oriental habit of mind permitted, and the censorship established was made as light as possible, confidence being reposed in his judgment also. Both men were without adequate telegraphic facilities, official or otherwise. The practice obtaining between officials and correspondents at the National Capital indicates the highest revolutionary point reached in civil matters of this kind. The Washington correspondent sustains amicable relations with one or more carefully selected members of the government—technically and graphically known as his "leaks"—exchanging the influence of his powerful journal for the information possessed by the aspiring statesmen, there being a complete and inviolable understanding between them in respect of the use of their names respectively. Contrary to the general impression, "a gentleman having great influence with the administration, who, for obvious reasons, will not permit his identity to be disclosed," is not a myth, but the final reality in all news from the seat of government.

\*WITH THE CONQUERING TURK.—By G. W. Steevens. 12mo. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.

\*MARCHING WITH GOMEZ.—By Grover Flint. 12mo. Lamson, Wolfe & Co. \$1.50.



Somewhere between these varied practices the true method, for use in the war now upon us, will find its way. It is eminently necessary that no politics be permitted to creep into the discussion, and the willingness of the correspondent to trade influence for information invites this very form of disaster. As long ago as the Crimean War (Sir William Howard Russell and the London Times proved, in the case of "Old Redan" Windham, that a popular hero can be made with a stroke of the pen—and it will surely be a sorry day for mankind if ever it lose the desire for heroism). It is, of course, out of the question for newspapers to content themselves with a purely official report. This assumes a knowledge of what constitutes news on the part of the military authorities—while a "nose for news" is as much a question of technical training and experience as a knowledge of strategy and the higher tactics; and a newspaper man can no more turn his business of news gathering over to a graduate of the Military School at West Point than the officer can trust his command to the baccalaureate of the metropolitan journal taking his post-graduate course in the field. Censorships are obnoxious to the American mind—so are suspensions of the habeas corpus act, yet war may necessitate both—but they indicate the proper practice. By all means give the war correspondent representing a responsible agency an official connection with the headquarters—in the last analysis he represents the American people. Then trust him, but not to the extent of permitting him to aid the enemy unintentionally through ignorance of the terms of war. Newspaper men are of ready wit perforce. Given a military censor of equal intelligence, one equally anxious to discover the diagonal or line of least resistance between martial secrecy and journalistic disclosure, and it will be a question of days only before all are working in harmony, the correspondent writing nothing which can injure his country's cause, and the censor limiting his duties to explanations for guidance in the future. No one knows better how to deal with this question than the constitutional commander-in-chief of the armies and navies of the United States—and President McKinley has repeatedly given the writer of this his personal assurance that in all his extended career he never had his confidence abused or betrayed by a newspaper man.

This disposes of one question which these two books raise at the present time. Mr. John Fiske's Preface to the work of his son-in-law, Mr. Flint, disposes of another—the question of Spain's capacity, first, to deal with questions of the day in general; secondly, to deal with those of the hour in particular. He rates the Spaniard no lower than others—Captain Mahan, for example—and says nothing especially new in so doing; but it is worth while repeating what he has to remark concerning the Inquisition, the precise point having been neglected so far as the present strife is concerned. "What was the Inquisition?" he asks, after stating that "that pre-eminently Spanish and Satanic institution survived in America until two decades of the nineteenth century had passed," and answers it as follows:

It was a machine for winnowing out and destroying all such individuals as surpassed the average in quickness of wit, earnestness of purpose, and strength of character, in so far as to entertain opinions of their own and boldly declare them. The more closely approached an elevated standard of intelligence and moral courage, the more likely was the machine to reach them. It worked with deadly efficiency, cutting off the brightest and boldest in their early prime, while the duller and weaker spirits were spared to propagate the race. Thus the ideas and methods which other nations were devising to meet the new exigencies of modern life were denied admission into Spain. In manufactures, in commerce, in the control of the various sources of wealth, she was completely left behind by nations from which the minds hospitable toward new ideas had not been so carefully weeded out. In many respects the atmosphere of thought in Spain remains mediæval even to the present day. In the government of her dependencies her methods have shown scarcely any improvement since the Middle Ages, and it was not strange that the advent of this stirring nineteenth century should bring rebellion.

Mr. Fiske's statement may be regarded as settling the second of the questions raised here. Then there arises a third: Is it better for a correspondent to have a technical knowledge of war, or not? Mr. Steevens writes a book quite as readable as his former *Land of the Dollar*, and contrives in it to give a vivid impression of the burlesque engagements between the Greek and the Turk; and Mr. Steevens terms himself an irregular, a "Bashi-Bazouk," because of his complete ignorance of the military art. Mr. Flint, on the other hand, was a soldier in the American army, saw service in plenty on the plains, and has the words of his profession at his tongue's end. He, too, writes a readable and lucid book, not drawn with quite so free a hand as the other, but giving a conception equally clear of the facts behind these new allies of the United States—the first we have had, by the way, since Louis XVII and Lafayette. It remains only to be confessed that Mr. Flint draws upon his technical knowledge almost not at all. It seems likely, therefore, that the general rule in newspaper offices may be followed:

"Go out and report the football match between Haleson and Yarncevard," says the city editor.

"But I never saw a game of Rugby in my life," demurs the new reporter.

"So much the better," replies the other. "The people that read the paper will know what it's like."

This rule works out curiously enough in matters of artistic criticism now and again, but it serves in the long run. The war correspondent, it would seem, must be either a man unknown to military science, or one who knows enough about it to avoid using its terms—any compromise would assuredly be disastrous.

But a single interrogatory raised by the reading of these two entertaining books remains to be answered: Into what literary form is the correspondent to cast his dispatches?—and literary is used here in its common and inclusive sense. Hitherto the choice has been largely between the ponderous historical method and the flippant journalistic method. War is unquestionably history, and the account of it is certain to appear in a newspaper, so both have their advocates. But a third sort has not been given a fair trial, and its advan-

tages seem beyond argument. The first man to adopt the pure epistolary form will not only achieve success, but will be renewing something so old and so coherent logically that he will obtain a desirable reputation for originality. By epistolary form is meant something quite different from "Y'r fav. rec'd and contents noted" or yet the letters of Glory Quayle of the present, or the interminable screeds of Pamela and Clarissa over which our colonial ancestors wept in the past: But the newsletters of the seventeenth century and later, the legitimate precursors of all journalism, afford a model of precisely what is meant. The modern literary idea, saturated with notions of climax and overpersuaded by the marked success of "short stories," sacrifices too much to mere form and to a formal ending; the modern newspaper writer, imbued with the notion that readers must be persuaded into unwilling perusal and intimidated by the requirements of flaunting headlines, constructs a narrative like a catfish, all head and little tail. If some one will remember now that tales of war tell themselves, and will leave "construction" for those whose meager faculty for facts require it, will be simple and sympathetic, hearty and natural, and so writing at once for to-day and for all time, he will revive a lost art among men whereby he and all who happen upon his work will be the gainers. With both Mr. Stevens and Mr. Flint this is in the air. Let us reach forth and grasp it now that the fullness of the time seems to have come.

#### WHEN MY TURN COMES

**W**HEN my turn comes, dear shipmates all,  
Oh, do not weep for me;  
Wrap me up in my hammock tight,  
And put me into the sea;  
For it's no good weeping  
When a shipmate's sleeping,  
And the long watch keeping  
At the bottom of the sea.

But think of me sometimes and say:  
"He did his duty right,  
And strove the best he knew to please  
His captain in the fight;"  
But it's no good weeping  
When a shipmate's sleeping,  
And the long watch keeping  
Through the long, long night.

And let my epitaph be these words:  
"Cleared from this port, alone,  
A craft that was staunch, and sound, and true—  
Destination unknown;"  
And it's no good weeping  
When a shipmate's sleeping,  
And the long watch keeping  
All alone, all alone.

And mark this well, my shipmates dear,  
Alone the long night through,  
Up there in the darkness behind the stars  
I'll look out sharp for you;  
So, it's no good weeping  
When a shipmate's sleeping,  
And the long watch keeping  
All the long night through.

BARRETT EASTMAN.

#### REVIEWS

##### WAR NOVELS

**THE VINTAGE: A ROMANCE OF THE GREEK WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.**—By E. F. Benson. Illustrated. 12mo. Harper & Bros. \$1.50.

**THE DISASTER.**—By Paul and Victor Marguerite. Translated by Frederick Lees. 12mo. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50.

**THE BROOM OF THE WAR GOD.**—A novel by Henry Noel Brailsford. \$1.25. D. Appleton & Co.

**W**AR is as many-sided as a woman. It has its glories, its horrors, its power, its fatalism, its beauty, its ugliness, its romance, its prose. In writing of it we can elect to see any of these things in it; we can choose any one as our master note, back of and around which all the others play in harmony. Our mimic war may be of romance, as in *Harold*, or of horror, as in *Ground Arms*, it is the same reality, the same complex tremendous power.

In *The Vintage* war is romantic. It is a background, shifting, melting, wavering from pale rose to pale gray, against which are thrown the love of a man and a woman, the nobility of a great patriot, the devotion of a boy. The colors are subdued; but rarely a brighter flash gleams from a war-cloud, and then it is only to throw into greater relief the figure of the hero, or the proportions of a stirring deed. There is horror, but it is used for artistic contrast, and does not seem inevitable; there is prose, but it is only that we may regain for a new episode the power of our hurried attention. The interest lies not in the war-setting, but in the girl awaiting her lover, and in the youth who undertakes as twin and equal emprises the independence of Greece and the release of his mistress from a Turkish harem. It is a brave tale, but we know that the hero will come out all right, no matter how closely he seems beset by death. There is nothing inevitable in the war-god's decrees. He will be graciously pleased to permit the battered door to hold for another second while the heroine escapes, or will allow any number of really necessary miss-fires. But *The Vintage* is a good story. It has to do with brave men, fair women, true friends, great commanders. The events are interesting and exciting, the characters well drawn. Mr. Benson has done his reputation good in writing it.

In *The Disaster* are set forth the glory and power of war. It is written to show the grand inevitability of the Sedan. Its authors are the children of General Marguerite, that brave old warrior, who, when shot speechless, still dauntlessly waved his troops forward with his sword, and they have evidently inherited his patriotism. *The Disaster* is a protest against the master motif of Zola's *Downfall*. In the latter, the glory of France grovels in the dust. In the former, a nation has stumbled because the petty gods of luck have turned their faces from her. Events are full of power, move forward in thick-throated waves, faster and faster, nearer and nearer, pass with a roar, leaving us to draw a deep breath and



look abroad pityingly upon the destruction of the flood. Strong men have sunk, others have staid afloat on some plank of chance or heroism, a few have ridden on the top wave proudly, believing themselves masters of the torrent. Men have not created circumstances, but have had to make the best of those born of a greater fate. The nation in its throes and struggles becomes almost personal. We are near the great heart of it, and can feel the blood surge outward to the straining muscles. The hero of the story is not one favored by all Olympus, but merely a lucky man. He escapes the deluge because he is fortunate enough to be hero, but the flood does not sunder for him. He is always in the shadow of something greater than himself.

All this is the spectator's standpoint. In Mr. Brailsford's book we take that of the participant. The Broom of the War God purports to be a novel of the recent war between Greece and Turkey. It is nothing of the kind. It is merely imaginary war correspondence. The story in it, outside the real story of history, is nothing to the purpose. The characterizations are good. We find in the first chapter a literary flavor and cleverness of line that sets us to making marginal notes—as when it says, speaking of the tendency to gesticulation among the nervous races, "They cannot describe their experiences; they can only re-live them;" or, "He found their conversation pleasant, because he thought his own better,"—but it stops there. Some one has facetiously said that Balzac describes fully the character and antecedents of every person in his books, even though it were only some plush breeched Jeems blessed with but one appearance, and having to say but a single speech. Mr. Brailsford has the same way with him.

But as no other book, it gives us the prose of war. Its descriptions of hunger, heat, cold, thirst, wounds, and fatigue are real. We have all been there on a lesser scale, and we know it must be so. The tale is a narrative of a man who has lived it, and is striving for no emotional or "artistic" effect. It is the greatest of realism, for it is realism of plot rather than of treatment. Perhaps nowhere else can be found a saner account of a battle from the soldier's point of view than that in the chapter entitled *Dies Iræ*. We instinctively assent to it. It has none of the hysterics of Stephen Crane, nor the impossible omniscience of objective battles. It is subjective, and still not ultra-emotional. "He could feel the enemy's rifles trained upon him; it seemed glory and pleasure enough to point his own piece true, and every minute that he survived to answer their fire was like a victory." The excitement of the fight is intense, but it is the excitement of one who has not lost his self-respect as a man. The main strength, however, is in the impression of the great dreary prose of war. The moment of excitement is the battle; the eternity of dreariness is the march, the camp, the waiting, the sordid, foul coarseness of the lower-class soldiers, the deadly ennui of the higher. The participant sees all these things clearer than the later-evident glory and romance, and these Mr. Brailsford has most interestingly brought home to us.

## WHY ENGLAND INTERVENES

A DESERT DRAMA: BEING THE TRAGEDY OF THE KOROSKO.—By A. Conan Doyle. 12mo. The J. B. Lippincott Co. \$1.50.

THE Tragedy of the Korosko is at once the most interesting book which Mr. Conan Doyle has given us for a long time, and one of the most effective political arguments which England could find for her policy in Egypt. The question of the English occupation of Egypt and her frontier campaign against the dervishes,—the campaign to which the recent battle seems to point so successful an outcome—is outlined for the reader in the desultory conversation of a group of tourists on the little steamer *Korosko*, bound up the Nile from the first to the second cataract. Young Headingly, just from Harvard, hears the French and the English arguments from Monsieur Fardet, of Paris, and Colonel Cochrane Cochrane, of the British army (retired), respectively. The Frenchman asserts flatly that there are no dervishes; that they were an invention of Lord Cromer's in 1885, and that any pretense will do which will allow the continuance of the British occupation. Another point of view is that of a young English diplomat, who objects that England has been long enough the policeman of the world. "There is never a mad priest," he says, "or a witch doctor, or a firebrand of any sort on this planet, who does not report his appearance by sniping the nearest British officer. One tires of it at last. If a Kurd breaks loose in Asia Minor, the world wants to know why Great Britain does not keep him in order. If there is a military mutiny in Egypt, or a Jihad in the Soudan, it is still Great Britain who has to set it right. And all to an accompaniment of curses such as a policeman gets when he seizes a ruffian among his pals. We get hard knocks and no thanks, and why should we do it? Let Europe do its own dirty work."

"Well," replies Colonel Cochrane, crossing his legs and leaning forward with the decision of a man who has definite opinions, "I don't agree with you at all, Brown, and I think that to advocate such a course is to take a very limited view of our national duties. I think that behind national interests and diplomacy and all that, there lies a great guiding force—a Providence, in fact—which is forever getting the best out of each nation and using it for the good of the whole. When a nation ceases to respond, it is time that she went into hospital for a few centuries, like Spain or Greece,—the good is gone out of her. A man or a nation is not here upon this earth merely to do what is pleasant and profitable. It is often called upon to carry out what is unpleasant and unprofitable; but if it is obviously right, it is mere shirking not to undertake it."

This, according to Mr. Doyle, is why England opens the ports of China, occupies Egypt, and protects the *Uitländer* in South Africa. This also, we take it, is why America wars with Spain.

Doctor Doyle's enforcement of his position is as simple as it is strong. It is very well to sit calmly by an English fireside and talk of the rights of native people and of the futility of trying to ensure



safety of life and limb everywhere on the globe. The answer to such talk, at least the answer of this book, is very simple, to show you some of your own kind in the hands of savages who may torture, maim, or kill at their pleasure.

When Doctor Doyle was in Egypt a winter or two ago, he must have stood upon the hill of Abou-sir, at the frontier of Nubia, and wondered what might happen to a party of tourists like his own if a dervish raid should capture them. The answer to his own question he gives in this book. There is very little plot, in the ordinary sense of contrived intricacies; there is only the thinnest thread of a love interest running through. It is the kind of narrative which an honest, capable newspaper correspondent might write. Doctor Doyle does not avail himself of any of the ordinary devices of the novelist; his story is told simply and forcibly. The forlorn little party of Europeans is dragged away across the desert by the Arabs to suffer horribly, some of them to die bravely. There is the Egyptian question: Shall it be possible for gallant and chivalrous souls like this to fall into the power of wild fanatics? Shall the seventh century prey upon the nineteenth? The little band from the Korosko will probably answer the question for many simple souls in England. The British government should undoubtedly undertake the publication of a French translation in Paris.

#### GOSSIP

HEIRLOOMS IN MINIATURES.—By Anne Hollingsworth Wharton: With a CHAPTER ON MINIATURE PAINTING.—By Emily Drayton Taylor. 8vo. Illustrated. The J. B. Lippincott Co.

IF oil portraits as likenesses are notoriously unsatisfactory, miniatures have always been one of the most attractive forms of family souvenirs. Miss Wharton, in her interesting volume, has not only reproduced over eighty examples of American miniatures, but in the accompanying text has gathered together a mass of very valuable and very readable gossip and history concerning the men and women whose portraits are thus preserved. In the development of the work and the correspondence it necessitated with the representatives of the old families, "so much of interest was brought to light with regard to early American painters, that this book has grown into a chronicle of the sayings and doings of the artists, as well as of those whom they portrayed. For this divergence from her original design, the writer feels that she need make no apology in view of the interest that belongs to the reminiscences and anecdotes which have thus been brought to light, our early artists being men of attractive personality, whose histories are inseparably connected with their country's progress in the arts and sciences, as well as with her Colonial and her Revolutionary life."

The best known miniaturist of these times was Charles Willson Peale, and there are many anecdotes of him which help to make him for us more of a reality than ever before. Among others, it is said that in his recollections he tells of assisting a Miss



MISS PEGGY CHAMPLIN

Mary Wrench in perfecting herself in his own art, though this lady was so modest that she disliked to paint gentlemen's portraits, and only did so because she needed the money!!

Peale belonged to the Revolutionary period, and was prominent among the artists of the day. "Among these he was a leader, and in the field from first to last, often literally, as he painted a number of miniatures in camp. Of the soldiers and statesmen of the new era Mr. Peale painted many portraits, those of Washington being the most numerous, beginning in 1772 with the celebrated three-quarter length of the young Virginia colonel, and reaching down to a short time before his death." Charles Peale, from being a saddler and clockmaker, took to painting from sheer talent, went to Europe with money subscribed by prominent Baltimoreans, and studied there under Benjamin West and others. Soon after his return he raised a company of foot and was with the army under Washington in many important engagements.

Rather amusing is Peale's description in his recollections of his second wife, Miss de Peyster of New York, which would not seem to be all



MRS. GULIAN C. VERPLANCK

By Edward Greene Malbone

that romance might demand. He says she was "of a sedate countenance, of a fat rather than a lean figure, not very talkative, but rather of a serious, motherly appearance."

An entire chapter is devoted to Benjamin West and to John Singleton Copley, both of whom were the first American artists to secure any recognition abroad. Benjamin West, as is known, lived to be President of the British Royal Academy, though in early life his art was practiced under the most discouraging conditions. One of his biographers says "that he made his colors of charcoal and chalk mixed with the juice of berries, these colors being laid on with the hair of a cat drawn through a goose-quill." Benjamin West's courtship, the opposition of the lady's rich brother, her elopement to England where West met and married her, are all part of his remarkably romantic life. Another well-known miniaturist of the day was John Trumbull. Unlike West he remained in America, raised a company, and finally became an aide to General Washington, of whom his portraits are considered among the most satisfactory.

He is supposed to have been most successful as a painter of men, though the miniature of his niece, Faith Trumbull, would seem to belie this. During the continuance of the Revolution Trumbull secured permission to go to London to study art, and despite his permit he had a most trying time directly after the execution of Major André. He was arrested, and for seven months confined in the bridewell, during which time he says "that he became acquainted with the darkest side of human nature, and upon one occasion had a highwayman for a bedfellow." He was finally released on bail through the influence of Edmund Burke, West and Copley, both in high favor at court, becoming sureties for their young countryman. A story is told of how Sir Joshua Reynolds exclaimed in a sharp tone upon being shown some of Trumbull's work: "That coat is bad, very bad; it is not cloth, it is tin, bent tin."

In the chapter on End-of-the-Century Artists, Gilbert Stuart of Rhode Island holds first place; he was destined ultimately to outshine all the others as a portrait painter.

In connection with another painter, a Scotchman, Alexander Robertson, is related a curious incident. When Robertson was about to leave Scotland for America, "the Earl of Buchan committed to his care a small oak box, four inches long, three broad, and two deep, made of six pieces of the heart of the oak-tree which sheltered Sir William Wallace after the battle of Falkirk. This box the Earl wished to present to General Washington, with the request for his portrait 'from the pencil of Mr. Robertson.'" This box was afterwards returned to the heirs of the Earl upon the death of Washington.

All through these pages devoted to the artists are anecdotes about the people whom they painted, and others which illumine better than volumes of histories the times and their customs, such as the one of Judge Hopkinson, who wrote of a Mr. Pine. "He brought with him a plaster cast of the Venus de Médiçis, which was kept shut up

in a case, and only shown to persons who particularly wished to see it, as the manners of our country at that time would not tolerate the exhibition of such a figure."

Malbone and Fraser is the title of another chapter. Malbone, also from Rhode Island, became one of the most gifted of miniature painters, and his work ranks well beside the best work of England and France. There was quite a circle of literary people in the New York of the early century, including Cooper, Irving, Fitz-Greene Halleck, Paulding, and Gulian C. Verplanck. Malbone's portrait of Mrs. Verplanck indicates his power of catching expression and is also a charming reminiscence of the simplicity of the times. This miniature was found in her husband's desk sixty-three years after her death, "with some of her letters and locks of her sunny brown hair."

Another of his miniatures is that of Matilda Hoffman, the fiancée of Washington Irving, whose early death was the greatest sorrow of his life. Years afterwards when asked why he had never married, Irving wrote: "I saw her fade rapidly away; beautiful, and more beautiful, and more angelical to the last. I was often by her bedside, and in her wandering state of mind she would talk to me with a sweet, natural and affecting eloquence that was overpowering. I saw more of the beauty of her mind in that delirious state than I had ever known before. For three days and nights I did not leave the house, and scarcely slept. I was by her when she died; was the last one she looked upon. She was but seventeen years old when she died."

There is a chapter upon The Beauty of Our Grandmothers, in which it is set forth that though women of the day are perhaps as beautiful as of old, their charm has not such old-time delicateness and spirituality as that of our granddames. "A celebrated French miniaturist, when interrogated with regard to the probability of the newly-invented photograph superseding the miniature, replied, with a fine understanding of human nature, even if his soul was not prophetic, 'No, madame, there is no dangere; the photograph does not flatter.'" This may, in a measure, account for the extraordinary attractiveness of some of the faces preserved for us by the process that may at a pinch "flatter."

Among those for whom resource to such subterfuges was not necessary, was Miss Margaret Champlin of Newport, who, before her marriage to Dr. Benjamin Mason, was a very dangerous young person from all accounts. Not only her own countrymen fell before her, but the officers of the French army and navy were more than attentive. The Prince de Broglie, after dilating upon her personal charms to some length, wrote, "She added to all these advantages that of being dressed and coiffée with taste, that is to say, in the French fashion,—besides which she spoke and understood our language." Despite, however, this interest in foreign attention, Miss "Peggy" was a good patriot and one of the original members of the "Daughters of Liberty." Another famous beauty was Mrs. Edward Biddle, who was considered, when a young





MRS. EDWARD BIDDLE

By George Freeman

matron, one of the three most beautiful women in Philadelphia. Her beauty was enhanced by charming manners and ready wit, so that she was quite as popular with the old as with the young. Her miniature by Freeman is on a larger scale; this painter being the first to introduce the cabinet size into the art.

The book is peculiarly interesting not alone to students of history and art, but to the general reader, who can find many quaint and gossip stories of the artists and their sitters, who, generally speaking, were the famous people in Revolutionary politics, war, and society. The illustrations may well induce a revival of the popularity of this form of portraiture, while Miss Wharton has imparted to the whole her accustomed charm of treatment which would make dry antiquarian recitals seem interesting and which, when practiced upon a fascinating subject, becomes quite enticing.

### THE REVOLT OF ZOLA

PARIS.—By Emile Zola. Translated by Edward Vizetelly. 2 vols. 12mo. The Macmillan Co. \$2.00.

THE reviewers, skillful as ever in the exegesis of the obvious, have pointed out the allegorical character of Zola's latest book, *Paris*. They have explained that it completes the trilogy, of which *Lourdes* and *Rome* were the first two parts, and that as the former showed the variety

of faith, and the latter the variety of hope, so *Paris* demonstrates the futility of charity as a remedy for human distress. Other acute commentators on the self-evident have remarked the fact that in *Paris*, Zola insists upon the principle of human justice as the substitute for any and all of the three virtues mentioned. This jangle of words is taken very seriously by the gobemouches as making three important stages in the author's quest for truth. Zola, the novelist, is lost in Zola, the social reformer and moral philosopher. Recent events are, in part, accountable for this.

Can these events be in any way explained by Zola's views of the city in which he has undergone a French martyrdom? It is possible that a keen analyst studying *Paris*, not as a novel, but as a human document, might draw some interesting inferences as to the trustworthiness of its author as a witness and as an accuser. If, as George Brandes says, we can reconstruct Shakespeare's life in full by the proper study of his plays, it is reasonable to look for some connection between Zola's recent acts and the views which he had just before expressed.

Again, as in *Lourdes* and *Rome*, society is viewed through the eyes of the young priest, Pierre Froment, the man with the towering brow and gentle mouth, who returns to Paris after the loss of all faith and all hope, and tries to satisfy his spiritual needs by works of charity. His efforts to help the poor bring him into contact with all the elements of Parisian society, but nowhere can effective and permanent relief be obtained; so, after the breakdown of his belief in charity, he is ravaged by the most terrific emotions, and becomes a sepulcher of the three dead Christian virtues. He is now a desperate atheist, but becomes reconciled with his elder brother, Guillaume, the inventor of a new explosive which he intends to give the French government in the belief that by means of it France will introduce the reign of justice and enforce it on the nations. Guillaume thus believes only in science as the social regenerator. With the French government in possession of a powerful enough explosive, all will be well. Pierre soon sees this, and becomes a convert to science. Under the influence of a young woman who never does, or says anything that is not perfectly rational and healthy, he ceases to be a sepulcher. The young woman is Guillaume's fiancée, but he renounces her for Pierre's sake. Pierre marries her and so finds peace and joy. A happy faith in science and a hope that through hard work justice may enter the world now possess him. As to the allegory, Pierre is Man battling with Life and Reason, but finally becoming reconciled to them. The heroine probably typifies Reason and Life, but to the plain, blunt reader, she appears rather as the Genius of Hygiene. These are queer doings for a realist; for what real man or woman ever was an allegory?

This is the scheme of this book, and it is well suited to the author's purpose of passing all Parisian life in review, for Pierre's charitable activity takes him everywhere. He scours the slums, and, in trying to obtain relief for the oppressed classes, visits the houses of the rich bourgeoisie and of the



remnants of the old noblesse; attends sessions of the Chamber of Deputies, is present at a ministerial crisis, at the Madeleine when a great Neo-Catholic prelate makes an address, at an anarchistic bomb-throwing, and at any other place where a social lesson can be learned. And the social lesson is always the same. Political life is rotten; fashionable life is a cesspool; journalism is a sewer; charity is a sham; justice is a farce, and religion is a burlesque. And Paris being "the brain of the universe," the whole world is rickety and moribund from the variety of diseases which have fastened on its head.

Such is the thesis of the social protagonist who wrote the famous *J'accuse* manifesto. The Anglo-Saxon mind cannot cope with the perplexities of the Zola trial, especially as it was represented by the blundering and disjointed reports of our newspaper correspondents, but it can form an *a priori* estimate of Zola's credibility and reasonableness from a study of this book.

Economical nature rarely grants a talent without exacting a compensation. In bestowing the artistic temperament, she pays herself very often out of the fund of common sense. To Zola's lot has fallen the gift of literary scene-painting, of describing men in mass, of huge, coarse, but vivid and imposing delineation. He is the marvelously skillful showman of a panorama. A military campaign, a defeat, an uproar in the Chamber, a judicial trial, are his artistic heritage. As to the individual, he must be definite, salient, that is all. He must be all villainous, all good, all fantastical, an embodied quality or idea. He is a mere monochrome daub when seen too closely, but at a distance the mass of contrasting colors is wonderfully effective.

One feels instinctively that it would be a dangerous thing to be judged by the creator of these unfleshed beings, to be condemned forever to have only one characteristic, one motive, and one set of phrases. If real men and women take on these shapes to his mind, what a queer phantom world he must live in. Take *Pierre*, for instance, with his towering brow and gentle mouth. He is never allowed for a second to do anything in the least inconsistent with that brow and that mouth. He must always tower in thought and be gentle in feeling, for does not the brow come from the superbly intellectual father, and the mouth from the infinitely spiritual mother? And *Pierre* is better off than the others, for he has two whole traits of his own, while they have only one apiece. The anarchist, with the dreamy, flaring eyes, must never cease to dream and flare and brood anarchy; and from the moment when we see him we can guess by the slow music, that what distends his pocket is not "some hunk of bread" at all (as the translator calls it), but a fearfully destructive bomb. Then the enigmatic man who never forgets to be enigmatic, and the selfish, rich bourgeois, whose figure at times expands till it represents the whole bourgeoisie, and the bird-like, unscrupulous deputy, and the decadent symbolist—what are they all but clearly-lettered blocks to spell a theory with. A pretty errand girl, with fair hair and stomach ripped open by the bomb, recurs some nine times, and

neither hair nor stomach is once forgotten. A curious and unprecedented resort to the Wagnerian leit motiv in literature, says a critic, by way of praise, forgetful of Quilp's constantly recurring grimaces, Mr. Carker's ominous grin, and the man whose moustache went up under his nose, to say nothing of Homer's leit motiv, which so often spares schoolboys the pains of translating a portion of the "advance."

Zola, then, can paint a crowd of men in action, but the individual man is badly mangled in the process. He will not find anything in man except what is dramatically effective, and as the blackest villainy and the whitest goodness are the best for his literary purposes, he finds more of these than of anything else. As for society, he is bound that it shall be rotten, root and branch, for this view has especially good dramatic possibilities. This attitude is the result of his literary temperament, and is absolutely sincere, but it is not that of a man whose judgment should be relied on, if by chance he should fall among realities. His course in the Dreyfus affair may have been wise and justifiable, but if there were no evidence one way or the other, except the psychological testimony of this book one would have to confess a prejudice against him. Where other men would suspect and hesitate, Zola would promptly, and without the shadow of a question, locate what he would call a moral sewer, hideous and festering, discharging its poisonous ooze over the diseased limbs of prostrate society.

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